

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 12, 1973 60 CENTS

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STEVE SMITH**



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new Flexamatic by SCHICK

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Next week

BUCK FEVER is running as high as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's sky hook at Milwaukee, despite some problems on and off the court. Peter Carro looks at an enigmatic team.

A LUSH SETTING for tennis—and an even lusher one for loitering—is Mexico's new Acapulco Princess Hotel, with its eight courts, indoors and out, and almost as many pools.

HE LOST PANS to fat and to Arnold Palmer for a decade, but Jack Nicklaus is no longer a heavy. On the contrary, he enjoys a public acceptance that verges upon affection.



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World-famous amateur golfer Robert Hope will present the awards on an exciting 3-hour special on NBC-TV, Tuesday night, March 27, "BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE GILLETTE CAVALCADE OF CHAMPIONS - 1972 AWARDS"

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Voting ends March 5. So mark your ballot and mail it in now. It'd be a shame if your favorites lost by a vote you didn't send in.

Official Ballot Missing? If the ballot has already been torn out of this copy of Sports Illustrated, we'll send you one. Write: Gillette Cavalcade of Champions 1972 Awards, P.O. Box 9162, St. Paul, Minnesota 55191.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK

The International Olympic Committee's decision to pick Innsbruck as the site of the kacked-around 1976 Winter Games was safe and practical. Since Innsbruck was host in 1964, the facilities are all there; because winter sports, especially Alpine skiing, are helpful to Austria's economic well-being, there is no doubt about financial support for the snowy extravaganza. Returning to a site used only a few Olympiads ago flies in the face of the IOC's professed desire to spread things around, but the committee really had no choice. Denver, its first and worst selection, died when Colorado voters refused to pony up the funds. Salt Lake City only got up the beginners' slope in its financial efforts. Lake Placid, which the U.S. Olympic Committee finally named as its designated pinch hitter, was a better choice and made an able presentation to the IOC's Executive Board in Lausanne, Switzerland last Sunday. But it is hard to blame the IOC in shying away from a U.S. city at this point, and Lake Placid probably did not help its bid by plastering orange stickers reading **TOLERANCE** on storefronts in immaculate Lausanne. Of the other bidders France's Mont Blanc region was too scattershot in organization, and Finland's Tampere was hurt by the flat terrain.

So the 1976 Winter Games are still alive, but the selection mess has drawn attention to the haphazard way the Olympics are run. Why did the IOC pick Denver in the first place? Why did the USOC make Denver and then Salt Lake City its standard-bearer? Doesn't anyone in the Olympic movement believe in looking up and down before crossing the street?

PREFERRED PEWS

The unique way in which the Dallas Cowboys financed the building of Texas Stadium has inspired local residents to propose the same formula for their Central Christian Church. "The church would

sell bonds at \$250 each," says Sam L. Carter, a member of the congregation. "Each bondholder then gets an option to one pew at \$7 each Sunday, and will also be required to buy tickets to attend at least three exhibition services during the year. The bonds are redeemable 35 years from the day of issue or at the Second Coming."

"The last eight pews in the back will be designated the Sinners' Circle, and bonds for these seats will go for \$1,000 each. We even have a catchy slogan to work with: 'Thank Heaven for 4711.'" Central Christian Church is located at 4711 Westside, and there's a service every Sunday.

SHORTAGES

A couple of unusual shortages have put sportsmen and hobbyists in something of a bind. For one, fishermen are faced with a shortage of bucktails used in tying jigs and streamers. According to Richard Reid Miller of Reed Tackle in Caldwell, N.J., raw bucktails could be had three years ago for the price of \$1.30 each retail. Now bucktails of good quality sell for as much as \$2.25 apiece. Miller attributes the decline in supply not to a drop in the number of white-tailed deer but to two successive warm winters in the northern states. "The lack of snow doesn't allow hunters to track," Miller says, "and so the number of deer killed is down."

On the philatelic front, stamp collectors are faced with what the international auction firm of H.R. Harmer calls "a conspicuous shortage of better-class" stamps. In a signed report to clients by the managing directors of the New York, London and Sydney offices, Harmer's says that it ordinarily gets a third of its stock from the estates of deceased collectors. "The Grim Reaper seems to have taken his usual toll, but where are the stamps?" the report asks. The answer is that instead of putting "Father's Folly" up for auction, heirs are now keeping the stamps and selling the securities.

In addition Harmer's notes another trend: an increase in buyers "who are utterly disinterested in stamp collecting, but who have become interested in 'an investment portfolio' of stamps." These holdings might be coaxed out of bank vaults as prices rise, but, as Harmer's notes, "Meanwhile the stamps are out of circulation."

DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL

Boris Spassky seems to have become something of a nonperson in the Soviet Union since his defeat by Bobby Fischer. He was supposed to appear at an international chess tournament on Majorca in December but did not show. No explanation was given, but an article in *Pravda* criticized Spassky for his performance against Fischer, saying, "He made veracious miscalculations of both a practical and theoretical nature." One European chess expert suggests that even though the Russians realized ahead of time that a Spassky defeat was likely, even probable, when it "became reality they found it too bitter a pill to swallow."

So long, Boris. And hello, Oscar Alejandro Mass of Juarez, Mexico, who



made a deep impression on chessophiles recently when he lost four straight games. When he lost? Yes, Oscar is only seven and his opponents were as much as 50 years older. Bent Larsen, the Danish grand master, calls him brilliant and predicts a great future. His teacher, Filiberto Terrazas, explained the defeats by pointing out, "He is a little innocent of the traps."

New York City also has a prodigy, even younger than Oscar, in 5-year-old

continued



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SCORECARD *Continued*

Robert LeDonne, whose talents, according to Shelby Lyman, the TV chess commentator, are extraordinary. Lyman compared him to Paul Morphy, Jose Capablanca and Samuel Reshevsky, all of whom were world-class players before they were in their teens.

Well, now. How soon shall we see the first Mass-LeDonne match? And where will it be held? Juarez? New York? Reykjavik?

THE DRAFT

Some NFL insiders say that the Houston Oilers fumbled their No. 1 pick in last week's draft. The Baltimore Colts (page 20) desperately wanted LSU Quarterback Bert Jones, and they mentioned Bubba Smith to the Oilers in exchange for the right to draft first. But when the Oilers held out for more, the Colts traded Defensive Lineman Billy Newcome, a durable player but no Bubba, to New Orleans for the second pick on the first round.

That left the Oilers in a quandary. If they took Jones, they would have three young and possibly unhappy quarterbacks—Jones, Dan Pastorini and Lynn Dickey, with 25 clubs waiting for one to be discarded sometime next August or September. Houston's indecision was obvious when the actual drafting began. Instead of announcing the No. 1 pick immediately, as is customary, Coach Bill Peterson fidgeted for more than half of the allotted 15 minutes before naming Defensive Tackle John Matuszak of Tampa. Scouts strongly doubt that Matuszak is any Bubba Smith. The Colts, drafting next, got the man they wanted, Bert Jones.

TURNABOUT

The controversial designated-pitcher idea is no Johnny-come-lately. According to Fred Lieb, 82, the noted baseball historian who writes a column in the St. Petersburg Times, such a rule change was first proposed in the winter of 1929, and the man who conceived it was John Arnold Heydler, then president of the National League.

Lieb quotes Heydler as explaining: "My thought in offering this rule change is to make baseball a better and livelier game. As far back as my years as an NL umpire, I used to think that one of the dullest things in baseball was a team having a good batting rally stopped by the pitcher coming up with one or two

out. So often he strikes out or hits into a double play."

Fans, writers and many members of the National League were against Heydler's radical rule. "However," Lieb writes, "it was in the American League, then No. 1, that the idea met its stiffest opposition. They called it 'damnfoolery' and even tried to have it laughed off the sports pages. . . . One spokesman for the league said: 'It's silly, if not stupid. We are surprised that a man such as John Heydler would sponsor it. We have a great game; let us keep it that way. Nine players make up a baseball team just as surely as 12 eggs make up a dozen.'"

BULL

The truth is out about that TV commercial showing the herd of cattle stampeding across the plains while a voice intones that Merrill Lynch is "bullish on America." It was filmed in Mexico.

SOFT IRON

In all likelihood Maryland is going to become the first state to order waterfowl hunters to get the lead out of their shotgun shells. This week the state Department of Natural Resources' Wildlife Administration will hold a public hearing on a change in regulations that would outlaw lead shot in waterfowl hunting, and since the change requires no legislative vote adoption is just about certain.

The move makes sense. Biologists long have known that ducks and geese can ingest spent lead shot when feeding, and ingestion of just two or three lead pellets can be fatal. Maryland drafted its new regulation following the deaths in the 1971-72 season of more than 6,000 Canada geese in that state alone from lead poisoning. Instead of lead, "soft iron" will be used. A spokesman for the department says that ammunition makers can supply three million soft-iron shells in time for next fall, twice the amount ordinarily used by Maryland shooters in one season.

UP TO DATE

Kansas City would like nothing better than to shed its reputation as an overgrown cow town. Boosters wistfully wish their city were recognized as a citadel of culture and as a major league metropolis, what with its art gallery, university, symphony orchestra, active lit-

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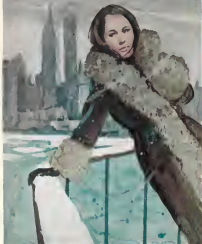
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**Weight including oil tank and chain.

SCORECARD continued

the theater movement, the newest major airport in the country, football's Chiefs, baseball's Royals and half of basketball's Kings.

Last week Kansas City finally got a National Hockey League franchise after much discussion and controversy about the location of a new arena for the team. After discarding various sites as impractical or impossible, where did the city fathers decide to build the \$55 million arena? Why, right down in the good old stockyards. There the hockey team will share the premises with the annual American Royal Livestock and Horse Show. Holy cow.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

For Basketball Coach Don Haskins of the University of Texas at El Paso, it was not a good night. With 10 minutes to play against Wyoming at Laramie, Haskins was thrown out of Memorial Fieldhouse for something he did not say.

There was a hush in the crowd when another member of the UTEP bench yelled at one of the refs, "I'd rather have you at home than 10 points!" The ref thought Haskins had shouted the insult, and since this was the coach's third technical foul, banishment was automatic. The game was close, and Haskins, eager to keep up with the scoring, gave three Laramie lads a dollar each to relay the scores to him outside. When the final buzzer sounded, with Wyoming winning 61-58, one of the youngsters ran to Haskins and said, "It's over, and you lost, ha, ha, ha."

THEY SAID IT

- Al Conover, Rice football coach, asked his impression of Amarillo on his first visit to the Texas plains: "You sure aren't bothered with woodpeckers out here, are you?"
- Bob Hope on Jack Kent Cooke's rights to the Joe Frazier-Muhammad Ali rematch: "It's hard to make money on closed-circuit radio."
- Johnny Logan, ex-major league shortstop and new color announcer for the Milwaukee Brewers: "I'd like to be sort of like Lou Boudreau. He does a good job of recapping the play before it happens."
- Kresimir Cosic, Brigham Young University's Yugoslav center, after a reporter wrote, "Cosic moves like Ichabod Crane": "Who is this Crane fellow? Who does he play for?"

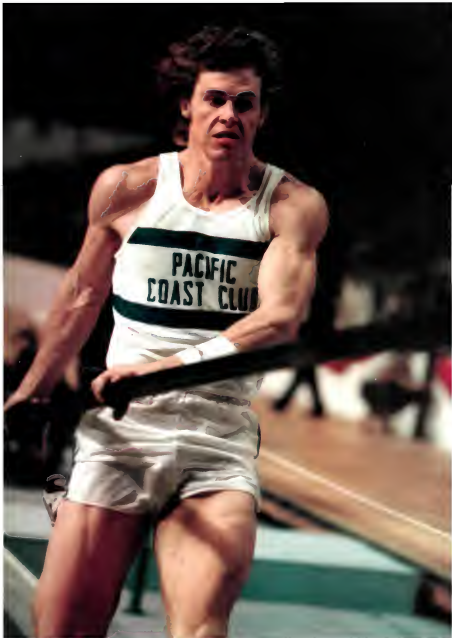
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we thought we'd take this opportunity
to ask you to be our Valentine.



HE'S RAISING THE ROOF

A week after setting the world record, Steve Smith wins coast to coast and it seems the sky is his limit

by RON REID

Something there is, as Robert Frost might have said, that doesn't love a pole vaulter. He is a superspecial, technique-mad, slightly ridiculous pseudo-athlete, an oddity for size, speed and stamina and unsuited to sane events. The vaulter is a sullied gymnast needing long runways, tall uprights and enough foam rubber to meet six months' production at Madmenform. The ludicrous implementation of his art trips two miles, clobbers potted palms in hotel lobbies and is a cumbersome outrage to sky caps and cab drivers. More wretchedly, the vaulter wastes other people's time. Neither shin splints, foul weather nor an eight-man, 40-mile relay can delay the conclusion of a track meet quite so consistently as any pole-vault field worthy of its fiber glass. But if all this were not enough, there are the names. Vaulting's world list is glutted with such copy-reader's nightmares as Isaksson, Papaioannou, Lagerqvist, Kallromaki, Dionisi, Kuretzky and Tracanelli.

How delightfully ironic then that the brightest star of the current indoor season is an uncommonly fast-working pole vaulter by the common name of Smith, Steve Smith (see cover) to be precise, a 21-year-old from Torrance, Calif., who is less typical of his vexing species than

Tom Hayden would be standing in for an American Legion commander. He is a throwback to the preplastic days when the vault was the province of the muscular, not the nimble. Standing 6' 1½" and weighing 185 pounds, Smith is built like a duffel bag full of bowling balls and not at all like the usual lithe types found clinging to the downward arc of a Sky Pole, which Smith employs wondrously well and with as much fun as his first love, the surfboard.

A member of the Pacific Coast Club, Smith has performed in eight indoor meets this year, tirelessly leapfrogging the country for weekend appearances on both coasts as the schedule dictates. Twice he has broken the world indoor record, which he plans to push upward to 19 feet or so, perhaps before everyone goes outside again. At New York's Millrose Games, Smith was the sole salvation in a tedious meet for a Madison Square Garden crowd of 15,043 when he raised his own record to 18' ½". Six days before, with little more than three hours' sleep, he had vaulted 17' 11" in Los Angeles to break Kjell Isaksson's indoor record of 17' 10½". More impressive than either performance is the fact that Smith has won all eight meets, has averaged over 17' 6" in each of them and had expended but 35 vaults in doing all this. So consistent are his achievements that a gracious Canadian record crowd of 15,949 was moderately disappointed last Friday night in Toronto when he failed three times at 18' 1" after winning the Star Maple Leaf Games at 17' 5½", a Canadian mark.

Three tries at a record was a departure from the competitive philosophy espoused by PCC Coach Tom Jennings, who believes that vaulters should end

A muscular throwback to vaulters of old, Smith explodes down the runway to his takeoff

continued



In celebration of record-breaking vault...

their competition with a success rather than a failure. Toward that goal, Smith inevitably reaches the meet after everyone has been running through the pit for 45 minutes. He passes the lesser heights to begin at 17 feet, takes another vault at an intermediate height and goes for the world record on his last one. The brash tactics reflect the phenomenal confidence Smith has in his ability. When soaring on schedule, he requires but three tries and less time than it takes Frank Shorter to run a marathon.

Crowds love Smith for more than his easy acquisition of records or the lethal suddenness with which he destroys the field, for the lad is nothing if not a showman. Sporting a pair of cranberry-colored, psychedelic ski pants that he bought on sale for \$5, he never vaults when the crowd's attention may be diverted to some trivial event like the mile run. Rather, he waits for the proper, dramatic lull both for his own concentration and the inevitable expectant murmur that will add to his adrenaline flow. A successful vault generates obvious, boundless joy and, as it was at the Garden, joyous bounding out of the pit followed by a leaping victory lap interrupted long enough to crush Jennings in a massive bear hug.

It was not always so, even though Smith reigned as the California school champion during his last two years at South Torrance High and vaulted 16'

8 1/4" one week after graduation at the 1969 Golden West Invitational. A freshman year at USC followed and it was memorable only for frustrations and pressure. "I wouldn't have stayed there that long if my father hadn't made me," he says. "He said I'd have to give it a fair chance. I think the biggest problem was that it was the year Bob Seagren left and I was expected to fill his shoes. That really got me down. For a college freshman I had enough pressure just trying to adjust. Assistant Coach Ken Matsuda always badgered me. Nothing personal. I know he was trying to give me confidence, but he just scared me. There was probably more pressure from within."



... Bamboozled Smith springs with a roar...

Smith transferred to California State at Long Beach, an act that cost him a season of collegiate eligibility and led him into the PCC. He got his first 17' vault at the California Relays in Modesto in 1971 and later that summer cleared 17' 1" in the Kennedy Games at Berkeley. But the biggest impetus toward Smith's evolution as a world-class vaulter came in February of last year when he started to work on his technique with Dick Tomlinson, the assistant coach at El Camino Junior College. Smith calls Tomlinson "the best field event coach in the nation."

It was Ted Banks, an assistant Long Beach coach, who touted Smith on Tom-

linson, but Banks rescinded his advice and Smith was in another college controversy. "Banks was promised the head coaching job at Long Beach State this year," Smith says, "and since the school is trying to go big time, someone decided that it wasn't very good public relations to have its college record-holding pole vaulter working out with another coach." Banks ordered Smith to train nowhere but in Long Beach, Smith refused, lost his scholarship and went full time with the Pacific Coast Club.

"I wasn't learning anything under the Long Beach coaching staff," Smith says. "Their pole-vault coach is a graduate assistant who was a sprinter. He knows less about the event than I did when I started at the age of 10. Tomlinson's the guy who developed me. He improved me one foot in one year and no other 17-foot vaulter has ever done that. I'd probably still be jumping 17 feet if it weren't for him."

Tomlinson denies a prevalent rumor that his work with Smith has produced some fantastic new discovery in the science of pole vaulting. "What happened," he says, "is that everyone was getting cheap marks off the glass pole and they lost the original concepts of vaulting. The principles Steve uses are very much like Bob Richards' and anyone else on the steel pole. We had to go back to that. When Steve went 17' 11" in the



... before triumphant lap on Garden track.

Sports Arena, I imagine he went out 40 inches over his hand hold. There is no way the pole made that vault; it was his technique.

"Steve may not be the fastest vaulter in the world, but his last 30 feet to the box are. He hits the box with more velocity than any other vaulter. This is because he has a complete lack of inhibition. Also he has a very early plant. He uses his arms to control the pole, to take up the shock. Most vaulters, when they plant, take the shock in the right shoulder and then the pole bends. He bends the pole with his arms."

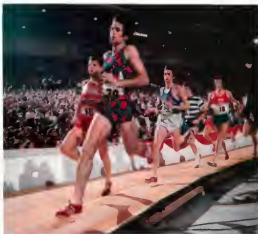
"My motivation is to be the best pole vaulter in the world," Smith said earlier last week. "I don't want to be the best in the gym room, the trampoline room or in practice, just in competition. I've always had that drive and Dick put me in the right direction. I really haven't changed that much in the past year or so. I am stronger, but the thing is that now I know completely what to do. Before, if I had a bad vault, I would become flustered. Now I know how to adjust my step and move the standards. I used to be a first jump vaulter, now I have confidence in my third jump. It's not just maturing. I am sure of myself now. If I screw up, I know why. If I do well, I know why."

What kept Smith from reaching 18' 1" at Toronto was a sore tendon across the top of his right foot that limited him to a single workout and no running during the week prior to the meet. "I could take one run down the runway and my foot might go," he said the night before the meet. "But I've been in this situation before and it was O.K. I just taped it up. I can jump 18 feet with a pulled muscle. Isaksson hurt his leg in San Francisco and couldn't jump the next day. He's small. For him everything has to be just right."

Pain is something Smith has had to learn to live with. Last July he made the Olympic team with an 18' 1/2" vault while suffering from a pulled groin muscle. Seagren won the Trials with a world record of 18' 3/4". Smith hopes to obliterate that record in the near future.

"Bob and I have never been on the best of terms," Smith says. "He's never related much to the other vaulters. After the Olympic Trials I went over to him and said, 'Isaksson will beat you. He is the best in the world.'"

"During a meet I'm not all that con-



Decked out in his new psychedelic suit, Marty Liquori begins to leave a slow mile field.

genial either," he adds, "but before and after the competition I like most of the vaulters. They're a different breed than any I've ever met. It's the nature of the event itself. It takes a funny kind of guy who wants to run down that thing with a pole in his hands."

"I like vaulting, and being on the Pacific Coast Club has really helped me. I room with Al Feuerbach on the road and he's convinced me that the only thing that limits people is their minds. It's phenomenal what he has done and I hope I can do as much for my physical stature in the pole vault as he has with the shot. I really don't think there is any limit. I'm always asked what I think my potential is, and there's no answer. I want to jump so high that no one, not even the other vaulters, will believe it."

That is not likely to happen right away. Smith returned to his classes as a non-vaulting Long Beach State senior on Monday, two days after he won in Seattle with 17' 7 3/4". He was surprised with his effort since he had spent the entire day trying to get to Seattle by plane, finally making it at 6 p.m. after a 2 1/2-hour automobile ride. Tired and still hurting, he needed five leaps to win that one. This Aggie he hopes to compete in

a multiracial meet in South Africa, of all places, if Jennings is successful at obtaining the AAU travel permits he requested from Ollan Castell.

"As of now we can't go," says Jennings, a man whom the AAU has barred for life for saying derogatory things about the organization. "The AAU says it is not their policy to send athletes to South Africa. Since this is a multiracial meet, that's really ironic. In effect, the AAU is helping to reinforce apartheid."

At Toronto, as at so many other meets this indoor season, Smith was the main reinforcement for a card that was variously mottled. The three miles was won by Kap Keino, who was to turn pro two days later, after Toronto's Grant McLaren, then leading, stumbled on the last lap. Marty Liquori invested new glamour in the mile with a roguish matching track suit, but his expected showdown with Bob Wheeler did not materialize when Wheeler ran into the pole-vault runway and dropped out of the race with a noticeable limp. The high jumpers did uphold their end with the entire five-man field clearing 7' 1". Dwight Stones, Smith's PCC teammate, won at 7' 3 1/2", his best jump ever and a Canadian record.

Bug deal. The pole vault had ended 90 minutes earlier.

END



ELEVEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE COLTS

In the 11 days starting Jan. 22 Joe Thomas, the general manager of the Baltimore Colts, made eight trades and took 17 players in the NFL draft. On the 12th day he rested. Unlike God, he wasn't tired. Joe Thomas had the flu.

But he was raring to go. "We'll let the smoke clear and regroup," he said. "We'll get new faces in here. Otherwise, it gets too dull. But I don't make spur-of-the-moment trades. I get up at two a.m. and mull them over in advance."

Indeed, the regrouping of the Colts began last summer, when Thomas watched Baltimore in the preseason and decided that Karl Douglas, the backup quarterback, "didn't fill the bill." So Thomas got Marty Domres from San Diego. Johnny Unitas didn't please Thomas, either. "He wasn't throwing upfield well," he noted. "He wasn't throwing the sideline patterns well."

When the season began, the Colts dropped six of their first seven games. The crusher was a 21-0 loss to Dallas. "We were behind 14-0 with 12 minutes to play," Thomas recalls, "and people were booing and walking out. I could have thrown up my hands and said, 'Hey, wait a minute, I just got here. Give us time. After the season is over we'll sit back and take stock.' If I had done that, I'd have wasted the entire year. We can't accomplish anything wallowing around at .500. We don't make the playoffs, we don't find out about young players and we don't get anything in the draft."

LSU's Bert Jones, Baltimore's No. 1 draft pick, will back up Marty Domres at quarterback.

Baltimore ended up 5-9, but found a capable quarterback in Domes, who replaced Unitas, a fine runner in Don McCauley, who filled in for the injured Tom Matte, and a promising runner in Lydell Mitchell, a taxi-squadder.

Unitas, 39, was traded first, going to San Diego for "future considerations." Two days later, on Jan. 24, Thomas unloaded Matte, 33, to the Chargers for an eighth-round draft choice. "Our future was with younger guys," explains Thomas. "Take Green Bay. They made the playoffs, but how many of those guys were on their great teams? Two. A team mushrooms together, wins together and fades together."

On Jan. 25 the Colts acquired Center Fred Hoaglin from Cleveland for a third-round pick. This meant that the incumbent center, Bill Curry, was outwound bound, and on Jan. 29 he went to Houston for Guard Tom Regner and a third-round choice. Curry is a superb player, but he had led the anti-Thomas clique. "Cliques aren't good," says Thomas. "I was breaking up a nice old nest."

There were two more deals on the 29th, Thomas trading Defensive Line-man Billy Newsome and a fourth-round pick to New Orleans for its No. 1 choice and sending injury-prone Norm Bulaich to Philadelphia for two draft picks.

The Newsome deal turned out better than expected. Thomas thought that Houston, which had first choice in the draft, would take Bert Jones, the highly touted LSU quarterback, in which case Baltimore would take Purdue Defensive Tackle Dave Butz. Instead Houston went for John Matuszak, a defensive lineman from Tampa. "And that left the door open for Jones," says Thomas, "the plum of the draft. He's as good as any in a long time."

On Jan. 30 Thomas got Kicker George Hume from Cleveland for a fourth-round choice and two days later sent veteran Safety Jerry Logan to L.A. for an undisclosed pick. "I went to the Bible, and it said be submissive to your bosses," said Logan. "I believe in the Bible."

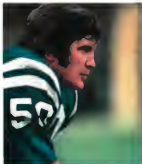
And Joe Thomas believes he has done the right thing, even if, as he told Unitas before trading him, it means "I have to step on somebody's toes, hurt somebody's feelings, I've got to think first of the football club."

And last.

—JOE D'ADAMO
—JOHN UNDERWOOD



Line-man Billy Newsome (81) went to New Orleans for the draft choice that turned out to be Jones.



Bitler Center Bill Curry was traded to Houston.



Back Tom Matte wound up in San Diego.



Safety Jerry Logan (30) was sent to L.A. Running Back Norm Bulaich was sentenced to Philadelphia.



97-POUND WEAKLINGS NO MORE

Rebelling at last against the Boston Bruins' habit of kicking ice in their faces, among other affronts, New York's traditionally nonviolent Rangers fight back—and rout the staggering Stanley Cup champions by MARK MULVOY

In important games against the New York Rangers, the Boston Bruins always follow Battle Plan No. 1. Intimidation, they call it, and it works something like this: in the first minutes of play the biggest, baddest Bruins charge, slash, punch, trip, batter, slam, crash, hook, high-stick or low-stick the Rangers into the boards or onto the ice. Sometimes the Bruins even employ a combination of blows, like a high stick and a left to the jaw, to get their message across. After suffering these atrocities for about 10 minutes the Rangers usually throw in the towel and adopt a pacifist posture as Bobby Orr leads the Bruins to a decisive victory. "I can't remember the last time we won a really big game against Boston," said New York Defenseman Brad Park last week.

But Park and the other Rangers were hardly uplight as they awaited Saturday night's wrestling match at the Boston Garden. "We know that if we beat the Bruins, we move eight points ahead of

them and probably won't see them again until the playoffs," Park said, and he strolled around a hotel lobby greeting friends—and startling them with a buzzer concealed in his right hand. Center Pete Stenkowski played bellboy and passed out phone messages to teammates and innocent bystanders. "Great club we have here," Stenkowski said. "Even the goons like myself make \$80,000." Mod Rod Gilbert graciously accepted compliments on his selection as one of the 10 sexiest athletes in the world. "Sure it's true," he said.

"I know I've said it in other years," Park commented, "but I really think this is the year we will win everything. Our injuries are behind us, I hope, and for the first time we have three solid lines." The Rangers floundered miserably between Thanksgiving and New Year's as their annual injury jinx—usually a March phenomenon—struck three months early. Park missed 20 games with knee damage. Defenseman Jim Neilson

chipped a bone in his ankle, returned to the lineup, chipped the same bone again and missed 26 games. Gene Carr and Ted Irvine, left wings both, were injured in the same game in St. Louis and have missed a total of 43 contests so far. And top rookie Steve Vickers sat out 16 games with a battered knee. So far the Rangers have lost a league-high 131 man-games because of injuries.

Once Park and Vickers (who seems to have settled the left-wing problem on the line with Center Walt Tkaczuk and Right Wing Bill Fairbairn) returned to the action at the turn of the year, the Rangers immediately reversed their losing trend. They skated through January with an 11-1-1 record. Meanwhile, the Bruins slushed through the month with a terrible 5-7-1 and dropped from first place to third, where they were closer to fifth-place Detroit in the NHL East than first-place Montreal.

In Boston there is a natural tendency to attribute the highs and lows of the Bru-

The Rangers' particular star, hat-trick hero Walt Tkaczuk, fences with Boston Defenseman Dennis Smith. The Tkaczuk line scored five goals



ins to the fluctuations of Orr's performance. Weakened by flu for more than two weeks and slowed by his injured knees, Orr obviously was not a commanding player during Boston's slide from first place, but the Bruins have larger problems than Orr's knees. For one thing their goaltending is embarrassingly weak. The Bruins are saying privately that unless Managing Director Harry Sinden obtains a first-rate goalie to work alongside beleaguered Eddie Johnston there certainly will be no Stanley Cup in Boston this May. "I'm afraid, though, that we won't be able to get a goalie," Sinden says. "When I talk to other clubs I get the feeling that they think we weren't nice to them on our way up, and that now they're not going to be nice to us on our way down."

Along with poor goaltending, the Boston forwards have not helped matters with their refusal to forecheck and backcheck with diligence, and the defensemen seem unable to get the puck out of their zone with any regularity. Normally a casual, carefree group that has scorned such formalities as meetings, the Bruins have been locking the dressing-room doors every other day in an attempt to resolve their problems. "But meetings don't accomplish anything unless you work on the ice—and we're not working," said Coach Tom Johnson. "What we need is what Gerry Cheevers gave us in goal last year. He played 33 straight games without a loss." Cheevers defected to the World Hockey Association during the summer.

Both Johnson and Sinden would like Orr to alter his style slightly for the rest of the season. "Let's face it," Johnson said. "We put too much pressure on him, and he can't always be super-sensational. We rely on him too much. But he could stand back there on defense and control the game that way instead of rushing the puck himself." Sinden added, "We'd like Bobby to be more conservative for a while, but he is a victim of habit, he has played the game one way and it's difficult to change him now. He could sit back there and run the game the way Doug Harvey did for Montreal. In fact, he would out-Harvey Harvey."

Orr recognizes the problem. "I'm just not thinking well," he said. "I'm making too many mistakes. If they say I've lost some of my speed, well, maybe I have. Maybe I will have to change my

style of play a little." Park, who must rank just behind Orr in any poll of the NHL's best defensemen, noticed the change in Orr's skating ability when the Rangers beat the Bruins 4-2 a fortnight ago in New York. "Last year when he hit our blue line he was still accelerating," Park said, "but in that game he was just moving regularly when he reached the line. What that means is that we—the defensemen—can angle Orr against the boards because he does not have that spurt to go around us. Then again, maybe that was just one game."

Through all the misery Sinden has retained one wild card: mouthy millionaire Derek Sanderson, who drove his burgundy Rolls-Royce into Boston last week, deposited his \$1 million severance check from the World Hockey Association and then joined the Bruins' local farm team for workouts. If Sinden signs Sanderson, he could conceivably trade him for an established goaltender. Sanderson, however, insists that he will not sign with the Bruins unless his contract includes a no-trade agreement. There also is a sizable dollar gap in the negotiations.

"What Derek wants [\$200,000] is a fortune by our standards but nothing by his," Sinden said. And Sanderson may not be in condition to play for at least another month. He labored through workouts and afterward headed for the lavatory to vomit. "I spent too much time relaxing in Jamaica," he said, sounding almost apologetic. Otherwise he has not changed. He showed up one day with \$15 and had to borrow money to fill the gas tank of his Rolls.

After watching the game Saturday night Sanderson undoubtedly raised his asking price, and Sinden probably increased his offer from \$80,000 to at least \$100,000. As the Rangers expected, the Bruins started out hell-bent on destroying them physically. In the first 13 seconds rookie Greg Sheppard crashed Park against the boards, rookie Terry O'Reilly decked Dale Rolfe and then Sheppard smashed Vickers. Although Boston Defenseman Don Awrey was penalized after only 34 seconds for board-checking Fairbairn, the Bruins seemed to be accomplishing their mission. Orr helped kill the penalty. When Jim Neilson went off for holding, Orr stayed on for the Boston power play and started the maneuver that led to Ken Hodge's opening goal. All told, Orr was in action for the

game's first four minutes and 48 seconds.

The Bruins continued to flaunt their muscle, particularly O'Reilly, whose violence on the ice belied the milkshake-drinking, chess-playing, book-reading image he has established off it. But when O'Reilly crashed Park, Brad fought back, and while he did not win the battle he did retaliate. Later the Rangers tied the score on Jean Ratelle's power-play goal, and a minute afterward Fairbairn picked up a misguided Boston pass and beat Johnston through a screen.

O'Reilly had another fight, this time with Tkaczuk, and Ken Hodge squared off against Stenkowski, craftily pulling Pete's shirt over his head. At 16:03 Orr tied the score by outskating the Ranger defense, sweeping in on Goaltender Ed Giacomin and flipping the puck past him. "As I was saying," Park said later with a rueful grimace, "Orr can't accelerate anymore. Hah."

Boston started muscledly again in the second period. Shortly after Dale Rolfe was penalized for holding Orr as Bobby went around him, Phil Esposito scored a disputed goal—Orr was planted illegally in the crease—and Boston led again 3-2. But that was it for the Bruins. Wounded perhaps by the effort expended on aggression, they slowed almost to a halt and the Rangers roared back. Tkaczuk scored after Park intercepted another bad pass at the Boston line. Then Glen Sather got off a seemingly routine shot despite the attentions of three Bruins and the puck slid past Johnston. In the third period Tkaczuk scored two more goals, completing the first hat trick of his career, and Vickers, whom the Rangers call Snake because of his knack for sinking into a scoring position near the goal, got his 20th of the season and the 7-3 rout was complete. More important to the Rangers than Vickers' goal was his fight with Don Marcotte early in the period. He decked Marcotte, touching off a gleeful din on the Ranger bench.

Sather summed the game up best: "You can only kick a guy so long. If the guy comes back, you've got to change your act." After tying Philadelphia 2-2 Sunday night, the Bruins did change it. Sinden abruptly kicked Johnson upstairs and replaced him with Bep Gaudin, coach of the Boston Braves. Unlike the easygoing Johnson, Gaudin is a taskmaster who favors long, hard, disciplined practices—Ranger style. END



With only big-time baseball and football players in the tournament, what happened on the links never figured to be much. But poolside at El Conquistador was another story. There the action was all-star
by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

PUTT-ON AT AN UN-GOLF CLASSIC

If Joe Namath can throw for 496 yards in a single afternoon in September, what are his odds off the tee on a dog-leg par 5 in February? Or to put it another way: if Johnny Bench hits 40 home runs in one season can he sink a 12-foot putt in another? To find the answer to these and other equally meaningful sports questions, American Airlines last week took one tropical island, added the cosmetic touches of an angelic resort hotel and a devilish golf course, threw in \$30,000 in prize money for seasoning and nine smiling stewardess-hostesses for spice, and invited 64 bestselling sports biggies—most of whom



all eating the same celery as you?

While hordes turned into autograph freaks and got sun poisoning monitoring the pool for a look at a beef-cake batting average, the golf itself verged on the comic. The three-day, best-ball, net-team format was the kind of event golf pros dream up on slow weekends to help move a little merchandise. It matched teams composed of a football player and a baseball player, both usually from the same city.

A typical hole went like this: *tee, slice, shank, putt, putt, putt.*

"What'd you have?" an onlooker asked.

"No good," the misplaced athlete answered. "Only a net eagle."

With all the handicap strokes involved, an abacus was needed to keep score. Unser and Kelly shot a total of 177 to win. 36 under par, and on Friday they had the tournament's low single round of 57.

The El Conquistador Hotel and Club is one of those absolutely sensual places where time loses its immediacy and language is no problem. Everyone speaks American Money. Normally its gambling casino, which carries much of the operation, feeds off the flow of gambling junkies from the States. Beefy guys named C.A. or R.W., guys with hoarse voices, florid faces and sunglasses, arrive with all expenses paid courtesy of the hotel, which is counting on them to try their luck at the tables.

The hotel juts out of a cliff on the northeast tip of Puerto Rico, about 45 minutes from San Juan and light-years from the continental United States. You can stand in its lobby and gaze out at azure ocean frothing on the rocks several hundred feet below. Turn toward the front door and through the legs of a sculpture of a dashing Spanish conquistador astride his horse you can drink in the beauty of the golf course sweeping down the hill in lush, green trails. In the distance are dark mountains and a tropical rain forest, adding another dimension to the pastoral scene.

To this paradise American also in-

vited and paid the on-the-grounds expenses of 64 businessmen, all of whom belong in the Balance Sheet Hall of Fame. They were presidents and board chairmen, executive home run hitters of major companies, thrilled to be in the company of a scrambling quarterback or a hustling shortstop. Even mother nature must read box scores: for most of the week sunny skies favored the course, the temperature hovered in the high 80s and a sea breeze cooled foreheads. Still, Otto Graham confused most people by wearing a long-sleeved sweater on the course. "It's not hot out there," he insisted.

With so many colossi around, the swimming pool became center stage. The curious tried to figure whether Mike Luceri was wearing a padded chest or if he really was that muscular. They speculated as to whether Johnny Bench would actually be able to persuade the stewards that he needed some live-in nurses to tend the scar from his off-season lung operation. And they wondered if and when Joe Namath would show up in a monokini, an event that seemed likely to send the pink-haired matrons with orange faces into a picture-snapping frenzy. Early in the week they fluttered through one false alarm when Joe Battaglia, a New York film producer, came over the hotel in a helicopter to shoot some aerial scenes. The poolside habitués wrongly guessed that it was Namath arriving.

The pool was also the posture capital of the world for this week as everyone paraded around with depressed stonachs—the men struggling to appear no less virile than anyone else and the women pining for even just one covetous glance. One afternoon a lissome creature to well done, stunnered up to a group that included Bench, Mike Luceri, Ron Santo, Ed Podolak, Wayne Walker and assorted others whose faces are big on bubble-gum cards. She was carrying a large rock.

"Why you carryin' the rock?" someone asked.

couldn't tell the difference between a nine- and a six-iron—to play in a little tournament. Cooked for a week, it was served up as the American Airlines Golf Classic.

The money was not that much. Del Unser and Leroy Kelly picked up \$5,000 apiece on Sunday for their 54-hole victory. Jack, Lee and Amie make that much practicing putting. But where else could you sit down to dinner and see Joe DiMaggio or Willie Mays or Johnny Unitas or Joe Namath or Johnny Bench or just about anybody else who could throw, carry, catch, hit or pass a ball in Hall of Fame style

"I'm a schoolteacher and I want to take it back to show to my kids," she answered.

Everyone nodded.

The schoolmarm asked Bench if he would be so gallant as to carry her show-and-tell prize over to the bottom of some nearby steps. Off went Bench, the girl and the rock.

"Where's Johnny?" someone asked a few minutes later.

"I saw him go into that room with the schoolteacher," someone else said.

The attentive players studied the door of the room. "Go get 'em, John!" they yipped. "Go, John!" Just then a guy—the girl's boyfriend, the gallery guessed, or maybe her husband—walked up to the door, found it locked and started fumbling for his key as the hallplayers hooted. "Out the window, John!" they screeched. "Run for it!" The perplexed man got the door open and went inside to view some unknown scene.

A few minutes later the door opened again. Out came the girl. Out came Bench. "He's just a friend," the schoolteacher explained to the audience at poolside. "But I was so embarrassed when he walked in, I said to him, 'This is Johnny Bench.' And then I said, 'Johnny, this is, . . . You know, I couldn't remember his name.'"

But wholesale debauchery was mostly an illusion. The spectator-tourists liked to believe that the young girls around the resort were playing star-swappping. They relished the thought of the athletes drinking themselves into stupors and then passing out on the floor of the men's rest room (as indeed one memorable former inviter did last year). And they wanted to see celebrities spraying \$100 chips around the casino.

Alas, most of the athletes were with their wives, who long ago discovered the hazards of separate vacations. And about the only evidence of that good, good alcoholic feeling came when a Bench or a Bobby Mercer or a Norm Cash would climb up on stage in the hotel nightclub and sing. For the most part they sounded like the guys at your neighborhood parties except they weren't wearing lampshades. And a lot of the professionals, especially those blessed with watchful spouses, stuck resolutely to the \$1 chips, although Willie Mays hit a couple of grand-slamers one night and walked out with about \$1,200.

Generally speaking, the athletes took the golf and the solemnity of the event about as seriously as they would a Fan Photo Day. They were more interested in comparing sunburns. "Look at my partner," hooted Wayne Walker, waving

at Norm Cash. "His skin is so white that he looks like he lives in a coffin. I have to pull the stake out of his heart each morning before we go play."

But there were occasional zealots. "Jim Lonborg really wants to win," said Mike Lucci, shaking his head over his dedicated partner. "I don't know how to break the news to him that we got no chance. We've got no war with me playing. He's out there today playing a practice round with the greenskeeper, learning the grass. I saw 'em. He was pumped up. I said, 'How you doing?' He said, 'Great. We're three under.' I told him, 'What do you mean, three?' I'm not even playing with you."

Professional Goller Dave Stockton had a busy week. Stockton, who has a working agreement with American Airlines, was present to hit a few shots and try to correct some golf swings. He went out one day and shot a 40 for nine holes and was abashed to learn that Jimmy Wynn had gone around in 39.

Stockton also informed Norm Cash that he ought to quit playing left-handed. Cash is a little spirit who wears cowboy boots, talks country and loves huppy. Last year he shot a 32 on the first nine holes, including an eagle on the opening hole—a feat that so excited him that while hugging his partner, Walker, he spiked him in the foot, causing Walker to limp around the course the rest of the day. "I didn't even know what I was doing during that nine holes," said Cash later. "We were late teeing off and by the time we were ready to go I had had five or six drinks."

Handicaps were the subject of frequent debates. "You put down what you think you can get away with," said Cash. The golfers police themselves through a handicap committee that endeavors to keep things on a level of parity, but for the most part the committee only strengthens the impression that athletes should never be allowed to officiate their own games. Ron Santo and Willie Richardson both are on the committee, which someone said was akin to asking Bonnie and Clyde to hold your money while you went to use the telephone. "I don't even want to win," protested the genial Santo, a victor with George Andrie in the 1970 event. "I've won before. I want some of the young guys to get a chance." Moaned Lucci. "Well, why don't you

continued

JOHNNY BENCH caught people staring at him—and not because they wanted to admire his capsize.



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FORD WAGONS

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play with Lonborg then so he can win? I think he's really counting on it."

Predictably, Lonborg was to be disappointed. With Lucci he finished 20 shots behind the winners at 197. "I told you so," said Lucci to Lonborg.

Uisser and Kelly didn't add to the good name of the handicap committee. After their first-day 57, the two patched together a 61 and a final round of 59 for a five-stroke edge over Juan Marchal and Bruce Gossett. Uisser was playing with a 16 handicap. Kelly a 22—though both blushing admitted that they had broken 80 on past occasions. Among those muttering about the results were Jim Palmer and handicap committee member Richardson, who won the event last year. They were, at least, familiar with the problems of aviarice.

Other teams had other problems. Holly Murcer's hand ran into something early Friday morning and he had to withdraw, leaving Ed Podolnik to find a new partner. And of course there was the celebrated dissolution of the Namath-Mays combination when Namath missed a wake-up call and arrived 40 minutes late at the 1st tee Friday to find a distressed and jittery Mays waiting with patience long since expended. "Say hey," said Mays, or words to that effect. "I'm not playing with him." Officials judiciously placed Mays with Donny Anderson and teamed Namath with Steve Blass. Continue, Namath even appeared at the official tournament cocktail party later in the evening.

Bench and his partner Bob Trumpy were near the lead at four under after the first eight holes on opening day, but then a tall, blonde girl arrived. "She literally came right out of the bushes," recalled Trumpy with wonder. "And that was the end of us. John found it pretty hard to swing a golf club with her sitting on his lap."

On the final two days of the tournament the girl stayed at poolside, drawing half the gallery from the course, and Bench and Trumpy concentrated on golf. They did better, shooting a 60 and then a 61 to finish in fifth place. "With the girl we were five under par," Trumpy noted. "Without her we were 21 under. Now I know why the coaches lock us up in hotels on the nights before a football game."

END

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porary relief for hours in many cases from pain, itching in hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink painful swelling of such tissues when infected and inflamed. Just see if doctor-tested Preparation H* doesn't help you.



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SAILING OFF INTO THE SUNSET—IT NEVER DID LAST TO SUNRISE—GOES THE CAMARO.

WAITIN' FOR THE ROBERT E. SNOPEs

The only thing that saved Dayton from dullsville was this entry from down on the levee. They lost it and loved it.
by **ROBERT F. JONES**

As the renowned Southern sage, Ovid Bolus, once remarked: "Anything worth doing is worth doing to excess." That wisdom is especially applicable to long-distance motor racing, a sport that must rank with the most excessive human activities on record. Unlike such benign excesses as flagpole sitting or marathon dancing, long-distance motor racing is very noisy, very dirty, very com-



PROVING FOR REBELS SCOTT (LEFT) AND JAMES THAT THE SOUTH SHALL RIDE AGAIN

plex and sometimes very dangerous. One need only visit such sacred shrines of the sport as Le Mans, Sebring or Daytona to get the picture. Take a look at the stands or the pits at, say, about three o'clock in the morning halfway through a 24-hour race. Spectators, crewmen and drivers alike wear expressions of sublime ennui, their ears beaten flat and their senses scrambled by the unremitting roar of big motors.

There are some few moments of spectacle—blown engines that bang like frag bombs, flaming wrecks that brighten the

night like fireworks, or the case of the Corvette that vaulted the wall during last year's Daytona Continental and crashed on top of a camper whose owner (fortunately) had just gone out for a hamburger. But for the most part a long-distance endurance race is dead beer, stale cigarettes, gritty eyeballs and the endless orbit of flatulent machinery.

Until recently the practitioners of this masochistic art were perfect copies of their sport: sobersided, deadly serious men and women who droned on and on through the night about things as

thrilling as valve seats, brake wear and snaffle settings. The trouble was they hadn't listened to Ovid Bolus. Their excesses were not excessive enough. Well, if you're wearing the right colored brakes and you've lubricated your valve seats thoroughly enough, pull up a snaffle and sit down. The times they are a-changin' on the enduro circuit, thanks to Ovid Bolus and his partner, Flem Snopes.

continued

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ROBERT E. SNOPEs

The venerable firm of Bolis & Snopes, Ltd. was much in evidence at Daytona International Speedway last week. The occasion was the 24 Hours of Daytona, the world's most enduring road race now that Schering has bitten the dust. This event is the first of 11 such events internationally, the only one in the U.S., with all of them reaching for a thing known as the World Championship of Makes—in which a brand name, not a driver, emerges as the hero.

Cars parked in the infield muck sported a ubiquitous blue and white decal proclaiming that "Bolis & Snopes are Good & Nice." Stern lawmen prowled the grandstands in search of the Bolis & Snopes team mascot, a celebrated surrealist named Dick Johnson who has been missing since June 1970 but might turn up anywhere. Many fans eagerly awaited the arrival of the firm's dirigible, the *Graf Bolis*, not realizing that the famed airship had been hijacked only a week earlier from the B & S aviation proving grounds at Chicken Little, N.J. Others attended a gala "Keround Hog's Day" dinner and pre-race victory celebration sponsored, though clearly not financed, by Bolis & Snopes at Daytona's prestigious San Remo Restaurant. But for the most part race fans were content to congregate around an orange Camaro wearing the familiar No. 94, in which resided the hopes of Bolis & Snopes during this event, and to beg autographs from the car's three intangible drivers. One of the drivers was Dave Houser, a gentleman racer of some repute ("Most of it ill," adds Craig Bolis), who offered a putty criticism of both the rainy race-week weather and his two co-drivers. "What's the title from Robert Frost?" asked Houser as the skies glowered down on his partners during one practice session. "Yeah, 'Two Tramps in Mud Time.'"

"Nuff said," growled one of the team's torque-wrench supervisors. "We're too damned literary already."

Not at all. In point of fact, the cockeyed wit and absurd wisdom of Bolis & Snopes have given endurance racing a dimension that too long has been missing from all motor sports: a sense of fun. In a sport that has grown nearly as serious as it is costly, in terms both of life and dollars, the Bolis & Snopes team provides a refreshing breeze of native humor, literate, ludicrous, antic and witty. It also provides good racing.

For the past two seasons, Bolis & Snopes has gone barnstorming for a modest outlay of \$15,000. It was clearly money well spent. Last season former SCCA national champion Bob (Robert) Mitchell wheeled in his second straight Southeast division B-production title in a Bolis & Snopes "grabber blue" Shelby GT-350H (the H means that it's an ex-Hertz rental car). He scored three victories and only two of the debacles usually favored by the team.

The B & S endurance racer, the 1969 orange Camaro, finished 11th overall and best in the touring class of last season's shortened 6 Hours of Daytona, and the team placed second in its division at the 12 Hours of Sebring. Dejected by these successes, B & S this year plans to campaign a Dodge 401 in IMSA's B.F. Goodrich Radical Challenge Series in addition to running the Camaro in endurance races.

And at last, international acclaim is just around the turn: the team recently received a communication from Le Mans. It was addressed to "Monsieur le Directeur, des Bolis & Snopes," and it was a *Demande de Participation* in the 24 Hours of Le Mans. Last year, when the team tried to enter, it was brushed off. This year Bolis & Snopes is toying with the idea of reciprocating, though the prospect of racing in France is slimming, if they can get the backing.

Mitchell, H., who works as a physicist at the U.S. Army's Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Ala., is a lean, dark, intense young man whose driving skills and technical talents more than compensate for the team's otherwise esoteric approach. At Daytona last week he was joined by another real racer, Steve Ross of Rochester, N.Y., a Trans-Am veteran who set up the B & S Camaro. Indeed, it was Ross' own car, partially sponsored by a northern kin group of Bolis & Snopes, an outfit named "The True Friends of Herrando De Soto." Thus the infection seems to be spreading, and all for the better.

B & S is the joint product of the fertile, indeed some might say febrile, brains of a pair of Mississippians from Faulkner country. Sam I. Scott, 35, the titular team manager, is a lawyer in Jackson, Miss. His partner, William James, 34, is the bearded son of a family from the same town that made its fortune divining diesel engines—a fact that had an obvious though convoluted influence

Continued



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him while he was fording the Sunflower River in Leflore County, Miss., was last seen overlooking a national guard truck convoy on the road to a racetrack in the Middle West. What became of him afterward is anyone's guess, although the blimp, *Graf Bolus*, conducted a lengthy search in the months that followed. (At one point a kindly housewife in St. Louis "mistakenly harbored the infamous mule, Rutherford B., in her garage under the impression that it was Dick Johnson," but spectroscopic examination of tail-hair cuttings proved her wrong, no matter how kindly intensioned. The search goes on.)

Another B & S invention is the steamboat *Robert E. Snopes*, which is moored at a landing in Hannibal, Mo., laden with beer, car parts and a harpoon gun; anyone seeking a ride to New Orleans had better come prepared with a loaded poker deck and a derringer. And alternate transportation. Any complaints regarding service should be forwarded, preferably with a cash donation, to the Bolus & Snopes Tower, Jackson, Miss.

"We've had a great response from the fans," says Scott. "People write us all the time asking for decals and posters of Dick Johnson or the *Graf Bolus*, and they always include a letter that tries to be funnier than we are, which isn't all that difficult. But I really think that racing should be fun. The best kind of a laugh is the laugh that comes at your own expense, provided that it's tempered by a concern with quality and competitiveness. All we want around here is adequacy, a rare component in America these days. Adequacy and a few laughs."

Well if any one spirit dominates the Bolus & Snopes operation it is an *esprit de derrière*, and nobody can say that the team failed to fulfill it at Daytona last week. If the "mark of adequacy" is anything to live down to, Bolus & Snopes went even lower. Drivers Mitchell, Houser and Ross managed to qualify the Camaro in the 21st position on a grid that included 51 cars.

The pole position was won at 129.995 mph in a snarling little Gulf Mirage driven by England's Derek Bell and Mike Hailwood. Close behind lay the Matra-Simca of François Cevert, Jean-Pierre Beltoise and Henri Pescarolo, then another Mirage and then an ancient, predominantly French-manned Lola. Hardly the sort of field to send the fans into raptures. Oh, there was Mark Donohue

and George Follmer in a nifty new prototype Porsche Carrera even more niftily prepared by the Penske team, and another three-liter Carrera in the hands of Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood, both of them accomplished young road racers. There were Corvettes to please the Stingray studs and there were four Ferrari GTBs out of the Luigi Chinetti North American racing stable.

But all of them were serious, oh so serious. When the green flag flapped, the Mirages leaped out and led the field. Not for long. Mechanical problems of the customarily obscure and mumbled nature that befalls these machines ultimately made both Mirages fade. Then the Matra had its brief day. It, too, finally broke. The small-car folks were up next, with Donohue leading for quite a while and making people wonder, in the wake of his recent Winston 500 win, if he wasn't just going to drive off with all the money everywhere this year. After a long, nighttime duel with the other Carreras, Donohue's engine went *away*—or at least one of his pistons burned—and the race victory finally went to Gregg and Haywood. Donohue was in fairly good company, since two of the four Ferraris also failed along with all but 19 cars in the field.

Meanwhile, Bolus & Snopes ambled mulishly on. "The battle plan is to run slow but sure for the first few hours," said Sam Scott, "and then quit." Indeed, as the race entered its ninth hour the B & S Camaro slowed and finally stopped altogether, much in the manner of a beloved beast of burden that has lived its life to the fullest and then flat-out died. The official reason for the retirement was the failure of an oil pump, but don't you dare believe it.

"Last year we only had to run six hours to win our class here," snarled Jeanes after the retirement, "and this year we just plumb refused to run any longer than an eight-hour day. We're honest working stiffs and we got a union behind us after all."

Ah yes, the joys of excess. The way it turned out it could have been the dullist 24 hours in Daytona memory. The serious teams all went at it seriously. But in the end most of them failed. Okay, so Bolus & Snopes failed, too. But at least they had fun doing it. Or as Ovid Bolus put it as he staggered off toward Mississippi, "We shall return. If we ever get around to it."

END



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Options shown on LTD Brougham include power-operated Sunroof, WSW steel-belted radial ply tires, remote control right-hand mirror, front cornering lamps, deluxe bumper group, deluxe wheel covers and vinyl top. Options shown on the Ford Galaxie 500 include white sidewall tires, deluxe bumper group, vinyl insert body-side molding, wheel covers, rocker panel molding, vinyl roof and Power Mirror Windows.

The closer

A close look shows why experts rated the restyled Fords (LTD's and Galaxie 500's) so highly. Motor Trend said, "The clincher was Ford's stock in trade, a super-quiet interior with isolation from road noise."

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LTD Brougham interior has brocade trim, cut-pile carpeting. Optional split bench seats, passenger heater also shown.

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Better visibility ideas. Wiper-mounted washer jets direct fluid ahead of the blade. Optional interval windshield wipers that can be regulated from 2 to 10 second cycles. Also an electric rear window defroster for increased visibility in any weather is available.



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The Fords are new. That's why we invite you to take a closer look. And that may be why Road Test calls the '73 Ford "the finest family car to be found at its price in showrooms today."

**Quiet is the sound
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FORD

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WATCH OUT, HERE IT COMES



Exciting as the action may be elsewhere on the ice, nowhere in hockey is it more concentrated than on the front porch of that lonely and tormented individual, the goalie. His is a game of cat and mouse, only in this case the mouse, also known as the puck, is five ounces of high-velocity aggression. With feline attention the goalie follows its erratic path, doing a mad dance between his goalposts to keep it always in sight. When it comes near, the goalie pounces if he can. If it stays in his neighborhood for any length of time, there is bedlam: attackers crashing against de-

fenders, sticks and elbows making menace, large bodies with sharp blades at one end tumbling into the goalie's preserve. Just about the last of the good old cats was Gump Worsley, who retired as the Minnesota goalie the other day having never worn a face mask during 20 years' service. Nearly everybody else does now, but psychic scars, as these photographs suggest, are as easy to come by as the ones that used to be the product of needle and catgut. On page 45 the Pittsburgh Penguins' forthright young goaltender, Jim Rutherford, tells some of the reasons why that is so.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELCHIOR DI GIACOMO

Three studies in keeping-the-old-eye-on-the-puck: above, New York's Eddie Giacomin; below left, Pittsburgh's Jim Rutherford; right, Atlanta's Danny Bouchard.





Goalies aren't particular; they just try to get something in the way of the puck. In the case of Chicago's Gary Smith (left), it is everything he has, and if he resembles a Charleston dancer at a masked ball, so be it. Philadelphia's Doug Favell (right) throws the reclining-figure bit at New York's Vic Hadfield. The man Favell needs is someone like Hadfield's teammate, Brad Park (extreme right), to play cop. California's Gilles Meloche (below) could use a policeman, too, as the captain of the Red Wings, Alex Delvecchio, tumbles in.









continued

IT'S VERY HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

That's me down there on my knees to your left, peeling out between players, the little masked man in search of a puck. What I'm really doing—honestly—is checking out the color of the socks on all the legs around me. The players wearing blue socks are good guys from Pittsburgh; ones with other colors are the bad guys. If the blue socks don't outnumber the others, I'm in trouble. Deep trouble.

Life around the goal mouth can be very hazardous to your health, and I don't recommend it to anyone. Besides having to dodge 100-mile-an-hour slap shots aimed at my head, I also have to worry about flying skates, errant sticks, misplaced elbows, the crossbar and the two goalposts. A few months ago I lost a battle with one of the posts and ended up in the hospital with a concussion. Paul Henderson of Toronto crashed down the left wing and cut in on me from a sharp angle. After he shot, Henderson crashed into me and knocked my head against the post. Unfortunately, the post did not give way, and I was unable to play for almost two weeks. All I remember is that when I was stretched out on the ice one of my defensemen rapped his stick against my pads and said "good save." As a result of that concussion, I now wear a protector on the back of my head, too.

The 4-by-8-foot crease in front of the goal is my place of business, and I get pretty mad—if you can imagine a 5' 8", 150-pound goaltender getting upset—when rival players drop by for an unannounced visit. So mad, in fact, that I will welcome them with a whack on the backs of their legs or on their ankles with my big goaltender's stick. And that hurts. Or so I have been told.

What bothers me and other goalies

Atlanta's Bouchard hits the deck to smother a puck, while Author Rutherford plays host to an unwanted goal-mouth huddle.

the most, though, are the not-so-subtle intimidation tactics rival players like to use. For instance, when Vic Hadfield of New York, Alex Delvecchio of Detroit, Wayne Cashman of Boston, Bob Kelly of Philadelphia or Joey Johnston of California is on the ice, I always anticipate getting slashed on the hands by their sticks. They are not being malicious; they just want to unsettle me and take my mind off the puck.

Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks is the sneakiest pest of all for us. Once a play breaks away from me, Mikita—knowing that the referee is looking in the other direction—does his act. Instead of going directly down the ice, Mikita skates right around the crease and brushes against me. Worse yet, he likes to drag his skate and trip me—or at least knock me off balance.

I am not the combative type of goaltender, like Gerry Cheevers, Doug Favell or Billy Smith, so when a player gives me a hard time I simply tell one of my defensemen about it—usually Dave Burrows—and then get ready to watch the action from ringside. It is no real coincidence that when we play the Rangers, somebody usually has an altercation with Hadfield. My defensemen know they have to protect me.

Like all goaltenders, I spend part of each day thanking the man who invented the mask and cursing the player who invented the slap shot. Even wearing the mask I have picked up 41 stitches in my face and have had my upper teeth knocked out. Without the mask, I hate to think what my face would look like. I know I would never throw my face in the way of a flying puck the way I do now. No, sir. And I definitely would not look for screen shots by crouching down and almost putting my nose onto the ice. I'd play them on my tiptoes.

The mask undoubtedly makes all of us act braver than we are. I really don't know how much courage I have, because I live in a fog during a game and

do things strictly by instinct. If I had time to think about what I was doing, well, maybe I wouldn't do it. For instance, Eddie Shack is forever asking me to drop the puck in a certain place after I make a save. I may nod at him or shake my head, but what he says never even registers. I just want to get rid of the puck in what looks to be the safest place.

Surprisingly, I'm not nervous before a game, but I am when it's over. Glenn Hall was my goaltending idol, but I never want to get to the point where I vomit before every game like he used to. Everything hits me once the game is over and I have had a chance to think about what happened, about the pucks I stopped. Sometimes I don't get to sleep until four or five in the morning.

During a game what I fear is giving up a bad goal. The goaltender, remember, is the last line of defense; two other players can make the mistakes that cause a goal but the goaltender is the one who lets the puck get past him. When I have a bad night everybody knows it, but who knows when a forward or a defenseman is playing poorly? If I allow what the coach thinks are a couple of bad goals, he probably will take me out of the game. That's what really upsets me. In fact, I had a breakdown several years ago after my coach in junior hockey replaced me during a game. If I'm not playing well, or if I don't feel well, I'll tell the coach myself.

I guess if I had to do it all over again I would have lifted weights and done a lot of stretching exercises when I was a kid (I'm still only 24), and now instead of being 5' 8" and 150 pounds I'd probably be 6' 3" and 190. Then I would be a forward, shooting pucks at the goaltender instead of being shot at. Even now, if I knew I could make the NHL as a forward I would probably give it a try. Checking out socks is hardly the best way to make a living.

—JIM RUTHERFORD with MARK MULVOY

YANKEE R_X IS GROUP THERAPY

Unable to make a hit with baseball's most famous team, CBS sold it to a 15-man syndicate that now may neatly combine a fine Ruthian sentiment with an appreciation of depreciation **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

RIDDLE NO. 1: What is it that wears 25 caps and pinstripes, refuses to go out in the rain and is thought to be a more risky investment than pork-belly futures? **Answer:** The New York Yankee baseball team.

RIDDLE NO. 2: What is it that has 15 heads and \$10 million cash, prefers to live around the shores of Lake Erie, has rarely (if ever) been to a baseball game in Yankee Stadium, feels that Babe Ruth should not have lived in vain and believes that pork-belly futures are not the stuff of which National Pastimes are made? **Answer:** The New New York Yankee ownership.

RIDDLE NO. 3: What is it that wishes pork-belly futures had been the National Pastime nine years ago? **Answer:** The old New York Yankee ownership, CBS.

RIDDLE NO. 4: What is it that drives men who are sane and rich to buy baseball teams instead of pork-belly futures? **Answer:** See below.

They are an oddly disparate crowd, with nothing much in common but a way with the dollar and a comfortable relationship with the profit motive. Some wear mod haircuts and bell-bottoms, some cuffed trousers and bifocals. Certainly more of them had shaken the hand of Richard Nixon than of Ralph Houk before they bought the Yankees. They are much more at ease as power brokers than player brokers, and a lot more accustomed to big deals than big leagues. They are rich men who have succeeded in businesses as varied as ships and hip-stick, trucks and musical comedy, professional basketball and oil wells. When they line up for a group portrait they could pass as the membership committee of a good country club, or at least as a crackjack crowd of Rotarians. They shine with affluence and confidence; they embody what might be called the mien of the American managing class.

They—the 15 of them—are the new owners of what has been the premier

team in the nation's premier town for most of the 20th century. A couple of them are from New York but the majority are not; they are absenteees. Some of them can recall the last time they saw the New York Yankees play; others cannot. They are the largest syndicate ever to buy a baseball team, and they did it with \$10 million in cool green money, no credit asked.

So the Yankee heritage of Gehrig's heroics and Mantle's brave agonies have become the property of such fellows as George Steinbrenner, 42, who builds ships in Cleveland, and Jess Bell, 48, who has a cosmetics firm (Bonne Bell, Inc.) there, and Lester Crown, 47, a Wilmette, Ill. building-materials magnate. The managerial legends of Huggins and McCarthy and Stengel are now part of the holdings of Daniel R. McCarthy, 48, a Cleveland tax attorney, and his law partner, Edward M. Greenwald, 38. The House That Ruth Built is being kept in part by Nelson Bunker Hunt, 47, one of the oil-rich Hunts of Dallas, and by Francis J. (Steve) O'Neill, a retired transportation tycoon from Cleveland. The Babe's 714 homers and DiMaggio's 56-game streak and Don Larsen's perfect World Series game are now among the business assets of John DeLorean, 48, a vice-president of General Motors, and Marvin L. Warner, 53, a real-estate developer from Cincinnati, and James Nederlander, 50, who owns playhouses and art centers in Washington, Phoenix, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore and New York. And the Yankees' 29 American League pennants and 20 World Series titles over the past 52 years now belong to Sheldon Guren, 48, a Cleveland real-estate lawyer, and to his partner, Edward Ginsberg, 55, and to Thomas W. Evans, 42, a partner in the Manhattan law firm of Mudge Rose Guthrie Alexander & Mitchell, formerly the home office of President Nixon.

The question is: What are these fellows, sound and successful and osten-

sibly sensible businessmen, doing in a game? Shouldn't they know better? Indeed, of the 15 members of the group, only two have been profoundly committed to the baseball business—cool and long-tressed Michael Burke, 54, who ran the Yankees for CBS, and avuncular Gabe Paul, 63, an old-fashioned baseball man who has been in the game almost as many years as Burke has been alive, the past 12 with the Cleveland Indians. So what are we dealing with here? Is it soft-hearted nostalgia or flinthearted business acumen? Are the Yankees a tax shelter or a toy? Are they merely nice small talk at sit-down dinners in Shaker Heights? Box seats to impress business contacts? A midnight table at Elaine's? Have these guys simply bought themselves a living collection of bubble-gum cards?



Well, yes . . . yes, it is, in a sense, all of those things. George Steinbrenner, an infectious enthusiastic fellow who has been both catalyst and chief cheerleader for the syndicate, says quite seriously, "Look, it may sound corny, but it's an *honor* to be associated with the Yankees. Sure, there are 10 other investments that might be better, but this is . . . it's . . . well, all I can say is that it's such an *honor*."

Is this to be an honor without profit? Not necessarily. Investors are encouraged by certain tax benefits to go into such hazardous ventures as sports franchises. By far the most important benefit is depreciation of player contracts. For tax purposes, player salaries can be written off as deductions on personal income-tax returns. Say a man invests \$1 million in a team like the Yankees—a 10% share—and he is able to claim depreciation to the tune of \$170,000 a year for the five years this is legally possible—a reasonable example. (After five years the allowance ends, and an owner pays full freight.) Even if the team makes money and our man's share of the profits in a year is, say, \$100,000, he will, for tax purposes, emerge with a \$70,000

loss. He not only will be able to take home his \$100,000 gloriously tax-free, but also be able to write the \$70,000 off against other income. If the team breaks even, or loses money, the tax allowance is all the larger, but a man must have a very large income to reap a substantial benefit.

As Sheldon Guren, the lawyer, puts it: "The quick depreciation makes for a hedge against a downside risk. But we're in this for the upside." Steve O'Neill, who once owned a piece of the Indians, says, "It's a speculative investment, but I don't think people go into baseball merely to make money. It's fun." Says Bunker Hunt: "To my way of thinking it's just another business investment." But Mike Burke asserts: "There's a romanticism in the ownership of the Yankees. It means a higher visibility for these guys in New York. There is undeniable public prestige for them in owning the Yankees, and they all know that."

Perhaps so. Ownership of the Yankees is not exactly an item that shifts with the morning wind. In the 70-year history of the club there have been only four changes of ownership. The team

first played in 1903 as the Highlanders, an entry in the fledgling American League. It was owned by a pair of unsavory entrepreneurs: Frank Farrell, an ex-saloonkeeper, bookie, poolroom-syndicate king and operator of a gambling house; and "Big Bill" Devery, also a former bartender, who became a champion crooked cop, making a small fortune as a bag man for a prostitution, gaming and graft syndicate. Farrell and Devery paid a scanty \$18,000 to bring the franchise into New York from Baltimore. The team changed its name to Yankees in 1913, largely because the city's sports editors complained constantly that Highlanders was too long a word to fit their headlines.

In 1915 Farrell and Devery sold their team—for \$460,000—to two rich fellows, a New York brewer, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, and a brilliant civil engineer from Ohio, Colonel Tillinghast L'Hermiedieu Huston. Colonel Ruppert bought out Huston in 1922, a year before that magnificent symbol of sporting success, the \$2.5 million Yankee Stadium, was dedicated. Ruppert died in 1939 and his estate held the club until 1945, when it was sold to the small, neat partner-

continued

THE YANKEE STORY, FROM MIKE AND GEORGE . . .



With ENTREPRENEUR Mike Burke (left), Shipbuilder George Steinbrenner & Friends bought the Yankees for \$10 million from CBS.

which had picked the team up from Casey Stengel's picture pal, Del Webb, the construction man, and his associate, Dan Topping.

ship of Dan Topping, Del Webb and Larry MacPhail for \$2.8 million.

MacPhail sold out in 1947, but the Yankee boom years went on and on and on. Then in 1964 the giant arm of the Columbia Broadcasting System reached out and plucked the Yankees for itself as part of a diversification program that had already profited CBS through purchase of a guitar-making company, a publishing house and the backing of *My Fair Lady*. Amid an uproar over conflict of interest—the network could simultaneously own the team and sell to itself the televised coverage of games—CBS shelled out \$13.2 million for the Yankees. At that time it was the most money ever paid for an American sports franchise, yet it represented only about 2% of CBS's net sales for the previous year.

Mike Burke was then the CBS vice-president in charge of investments. "The purchase fit the CBS pattern," Burke said recently. "We wanted to be associated with first-class operations and the Yankees certainly were that." But not for long.

After an American League championship in 1964, the team began to col-

lapse. It fell to sixth place the next year as the cry of "Break up the Yankees" was heard no more. And then to 10th in 1966. Earnings slumped, too. The Yankees had made a profit of nearly \$2 million in 1961. Under CBS they made money in only three seasons (the largest profit being a mere \$250,000), broke even one season and ended up deep in the red for four seasons. "God," sighed Burke, "those were some embarrassing, humiliating years."

Despite the darkness around the Yankees, Mike Burke himself prospered, at least in celebrity's coin, for he has become almost as recognizable around New York as John Lindsay, Rudolf Bing, Leonard Bernstein or Joe Namath. And although he has not put up much money ("I offered them my body"), he is a key partner in the new Yankee syndicate and will stay on as president of the club. "I love the winning and losing every day," he says. "My chemistry thrives on it."

Although the Yankees' attendance fell below one million in 1972 for the first time in 27 years, despite the appeal of a phenomenal relief pitcher, Sparky Lyle, and a shot at the divisional pennant,

Burke is optimistic about the future. "There is enthusiastic building. We've made good trades this winter"—alluding to moves that brought Cleveland's power-hitting Graig Nettles and the sweet 310 lifetime average of Oakland's Matty Alou to the team. "We've already sold \$1 million worth of season tickets."

If it is true that there are good Yankee times just ahead, then why did CBS dump the team for \$3.2 million less than it paid nine years ago? Arthur R. Taylor, the new president of CBS, offers this rationale: "There was a growing realization over the last several years that the Yankees did not fit into CBS's plans for the future. We might have sold the team sooner—we had offers constantly—but we wanted first to complete a process by which we would assure that the Yankees would remain in New York City. We did not want CBS to be an instrument through which the team would leave town. That was one of the ingredients that impeded an earlier sale. When the city agreed to purchase Yankee Stadium in August 1972 and lease it back to the team—with renovations—we felt free to sell."

... BACK TO JACOB, BILL AND FRANK



FASTER Jacob Ruppert bought the Yankees in 1915 and eight years later, with his partner Tillinghast Houston, built The House



That Ruth Built The first Yankee owners were the two insurance characters at right, Big Bill Dwyer and Frank Farrell (in brother).

But why at such a bargain price? The Seattle Pilots sold for \$10.8 million in 1970! Paley says: "We knew the value of the Yankees on the current market. We got \$10 million—cash on the barrel-head—and there was no doubt in our minds that this was the best we could do. CBS broke substantially even on the deal. There were no other bids and we did not solicit any. Reports that there was a lot of money around to buy the Yankees are incorrect. Absolutely wrong."

However circuitously one approaches the final price and the reasons CBS bailed out of the Yankees, the fact is the team was a dismal investment. As Mike Burke says, "We thought we were buying a world championship team for CBS in 1964. I guess everyone in baseball knew it was on the way down—everyone but CBS."

There is one other reason for the sale beyond the icy finances of it all, however. And CBS President Taylor himself makes the point, albeit in a super-corporate manner: "CBS came to the conclusion that perhaps it was not as viable for the network to own the Yankees as for some people. Fans get worked up over great men, not great corpora-

tions. We came to the realization, I think, that sports franchises really flourish better with people owning them."

Indeed, although he would have cut out his tongue before he would have admitted it a few years ago, Mike Burke has come to agree: "I think the public and the press are more comfortable now. That huge shadowy enmeshment of CBS over the Yankees made people uneasy. The fact that CBS had a lot of tender public-relations surfaces—with the FCC and other places in Washington—was something we had to consider. All the Yankee thinking had to be strained through—uh—CBS situations. As a ball club we had to be alert not to bruise the other surfaces."

Burke pauses, then sighs very deeply. "Let's just say that now it's . . . it's a kind of *re-humanization* of the Yankees."

But where did all these new humans come from? Last November, William S. Paley, the CBS board chairman, asked Burke to lunch. "He said he wanted to sell the Yankees," Burke recalls, "and that he'd like for me to stay with the club and did I think I could organize a group of buyers. I did, indeed."

In the spring of the year Steinbrenner had phoned Burke to ask if the Yankees might be for sale. Though building ships was the rock beneath his fortune, he had invested in other sports (a racing stable, partnership in a Cleveland harness track, a piece of the Chicago Bulls) and show business (as co-producer of *Applause*).

No sooner had Paley tapped Burke to sell the Yankees than Mike, remembering that call, got back to Steinbrenner. He breakfasted with him and in that first meeting suggested they become partners in the New York Yankees. "God," Steinbrenner says, "if you'd told me when I was a little boy that I'd have a chance to own the Yankees someday, I'd have stopped working and just waited, holding my breath, until the day came."

Steinbrenner assembled his syndicate with a minimum of trouble. "I made a list of men I thought a New York franchise needed—top-class fellows. I started calling. I didn't get one refusal. Not one. Getting the money wasn't the problem—I knew I could do that. What I wanted was guys who had something more than money—ideas and enthusiasm."

Once the group was assembled, Burke and Steinbrenner made the \$10 million cash offer to Paley. "We didn't go in there to dicker or feint," says Burke. "We decided how much to offer and we did it with no bargaining. I told these guys that was the only way to do it: dealing with CBS isn't like doing business with a bunch of rug merchants."

The offer was made Dec. 19. Paley put it to the CBS finance committee on Dec. 22. On Dec. 29 a memorandum of agreement was signed and on Jan. 3 a press conference was called announcing the deal. It was a whirlwind negotiation, no doubt about it.

Now that it has been consummated, are there any regrets among the doughty 15 investors? No. As Lawyer Tom Evans sees it: "The downside risk is insulated by a number of factors here. The tax write-off is one. Given the relatively fast depreciation of ballplayers—much faster than rolling stock or real estate—it is a definite advantage. Of all the traditional tax-shelter deals, this is clearly the best. But we're not in it for losses, not a bit. We think we have bought at a very good time. The Yankees are definitely on the upturn."

Be they in upturn, downturn or nonturn, the fortunes of the Yankees are in the hands of human beings again. And quite a refreshing group at that. With the exception of Burke and Steinbrenner, who are the general partners, and Gahe Paul, who is to work in a vague advisory capacity with the club (Lee MacPhail continues as general manager), the syndicate has sworn to keep hands off the management of the team. They have, however, staked up an extra \$1 million beyond their purchase price for—well, for "a little extra operating money," as George Steinbrenner says, "because this is the 50th anniversary of Yankee Stadium and because we want to get off to a good start."

There is, within the new Yankee ownership, a genuine excitement about its team, although in some cases it is a recent development. Says the Cincinnati real-estate man, Marvin Warner: "I've always admired and respected the Yankees, but I haven't been a fan. I don't remember when I saw them play—in some World Series." Nineteen sixty-four? "No, it was long before then. But I'll be a fan from now on, of course." **END**



Larry Csoska will receive a trophy as "the most beautiful player in the NFL" from the Bryna Cosmetic Company. Although the Miami-based firm usually presents its beauty trophy to one of its female consultants, this year it goes to the Dolphin running back by unanimous vote of its employees, who are mostly women. One of Csoska's qualifications, according to Bryna, is that he has broken his nose 10 times.

◆ The most popular bookie in London often earns a box of chocolates or a bouquet of flowers from customers along with the cash. This bookmaker is a curvy, blue-eyed blonde ex-model named Shirley Anne Rawlings. She got her first betting shop as a 21st-birthday present from her father, a longtime bookie. While on her honeymoon, Mrs. Rawlings had the shop done over in pink and white and had a big pink neon sign made that reads **SHIRLEY ANNE THE BOOKMAKER**.

Her business is booming, Shir-

ley Anne feels, because many people are discouraged by the traditional bookie joint, which is generally grimy, drab and gloomy. Her mother helps out in the shop, her husband is thinking of joining her, and she says that if they have children they will raise them in the business. On her form, that could be the start of a line of very good-looking bookies.

Maryland State Senator Joseph Staszak is a sporting man who loses some and wins some. On a recent hunting trip he sighted and hit a big buck from a tree stand. Knowing that downed deer sometimes get up and run away, he waited 45 minutes before clambering out of his tree—sans rifle—to check on his motionless prey. Suddenly the deer was up and bounding away with Staszak hot in pursuit. He caught up once and grabbed the tail, only to have the deer pull away. Again he closed with the same slippery results. Well, that one he lost.

Later Staszak found greener fields in poker, Polish poker to be exact. "You play it with only four cards instead of 52," he explained to a labor lobbyist, then dealt out two aces and two kings face up, as both ailed up a quarter. "Now each player gets to pick a pair," Staszak explained. "You go first." The student went for the aces, the senator for the pair of quarters. That one he won.

At least Staszak knew what he was hunting. When four cows and a horse were shot by itching-fingered gunners in the vicinity of Port Isabel, Texas, Justice of the Peace Bud Emmons flipped his judicial wig. "We're not going to put up with this stuff any longer," he warned. Any hunters found guilty of killing a farm animal in the future, the angry Emmons said, with a slight variation on an old theme, "had better



commend their souls to God, because the rest of them belongs to me."

◆ Babe Ruth's birthplace, a modest row house at 216 Emory St. in Baltimore, has finally been rescued from threatened demolition and will, after all, be restored as a monument. The city has agreed to pay the last necessary \$60,000. Celebrating that announcement, the Babe's widow Claire and his daughter Mrs. Beert Ruth Stevens climbed the stairway, the banister of which is an ironic memento of past difficulties. Its 714 bar balusters, each commemorating a home run, were offered at \$100 apiece to donors (their names are inscribed on the bats, which remain in place) to raise money. Only 320 were bought.

In Tampa, where 35 years ago he sprinted 100 yards against a thoroughbred horse and won, Jesse Owens finally confessed "It was a cinch," Owens said. "The gimmick was that the start was signaled by a gunshot. Our starter always used a large caliber with an unusually loud nose and he was careful to stand beside the horse and jockey. By the time the two had recovered from the fright caused by the blast, I was 50 yards down the track. Never lost a race."

Joe Namath has joined the bandwagon of tobacco chewers. "My dentist says it shouldn't stain my teeth," Namath said, seeking to reassure worried workaholics. "Anyway, I have a thing about brushing my teeth. I have toothbrushes in my locker and car and even take one on planes when I travel." Which leaves the question of the locker room, the car and the planes. Did the dentist say anything about not staining them?

Joe Martin operates the 21st Century Love Cinema in Toronto, which sounds something like a skin-flick theater—possibly because it is one. The profits from this enterprise subsidize a pretty kinky obsession: Martin has a five-team indoor soccer league. "Maybe 2,000 people a week see our films to be educated," Martin says. "That means maybe \$42,000 a month for me. I'm investing that in a soccer league." The bare minimum he could do for the game.

Nate Thurmond, the Warrior center, opened a new restaurant in San Francisco recently. It is called The Beginning. Thurmond explains, "We hope it will be the first of several. But if we don't make money with this one, you can figure out another name."



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Gourmet originals.

The original Chicken Tetrazzini.

Unfortunately, opera star Laïsa Tetrazzini is more famous today for this creamy vegetable and spaghetti dish than for what, no doubt, inspired it. Her incomparable swan song. What's more, if a shortage of swans about 1920 hadn't forced a last-minute recipe change to chicken, today we'd all be enjoying Swan Tetrazzini.

The original Steak Tartare.

This delicacy probably began with Genghis Khan's roving hordes about 1100 A.D. Meat stored under their saddle bags shredded. And was eaten raw. Heated debates still rage over this, our hamburger's ancestor. Specifically, whether ancient history might have been altered if there had been a Burger Queen in Genghis's hometown.

The original Lobster Newberg.

About 1860, Delmonico's Restaurant (N.Y.C.) honored one of its best patrons, Mr. Ben Weinberg, by naming this creamy lobster sauce dish, "Lobster Weinberg." One evening, however, a bitter quarrel erupted. And thereafter, Mr. Weinberg's name was mud. The dish fortunately was redubbed something slightly more appetizing.

The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. For years, gourmets everywhere have been singing Usher's praises. In fact, it may have been present when the curtain went up on Mme. Tetrazzini's masterpiece. For Andrew Usher had already composed this superbly light original about 67 years before. Since 1853, Usher's. From soup to nuts above the rest.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

Form copy of Usher's "Gourmet Originals" recipe, write: Recipes, Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., P.O. Box 1080, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Say it ain't so, Cliff!

Alas, it may be. The nation's top schoolboys could be UCLA bound

In a way this is a horror story. It involves the long domination of college basketball by UCLA, and the chilling fact is this: the Bruins may stay on top forever. Clues to this unsporting situation abound. They include a ripening of interest in basketball at the high school level in California, the reluctance of locally grown talent to leave the home state and the discovery that three of the West Coast's—many say the nation's—four outstanding high school seniors are threatening to enroll at UCLA en masse.

The story begins on East Vine in West Fresno, an unpaved, dead-end street with two jinkyards and a scraggly field of corn down ways. Directly across from the corn is a tiny, one-story house where two very large adults and four oversized children have trouble making life mellow on \$5,000 a year. The section of town is so isolated that mailmen can reach it only by truck, but that might not be a bad thing. The daily mail is heavy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Pondexter Sr. It comes from such faraway places as Hawaii and Florida, where the Pondexters have no friends or relatives (no doubt the senders wish they did), and all of it concerns their second son, Cliff. He is 6'7" and 230 pounds and he does things on the basketball floor like tipping in baskets from jump balls and dunking spectacularly when he wants to come out at the end of the game. He is something to see, and the curious have come to look.

As many another Eastern basketball coach had done, Maryland's Lefty Dru-sell sent an assistant out merely to ask if a player like Pondexter would consider going outside California to visit a campus. Well, probably he wouldn't. Would he consider Long Beach State, where Coach Jerry Tarkenton already has Cliff's older brother Roscoe Jr.? Well.



MASSIVE CLIFF PONDEXTER LATCHES ON TO REBOUND AS AID BROTHER SAM WATCHES

Cliff is used to playing with Roscoe. They teamed for two years at San Joaquin Memorial High School in Fresno and they became so effective that opponents began to think they were up against one guy who stood 13 feet tall, weighed 430 pounds and could outscore and outrebound them all, which on occasions the brothers did. The two were so popular that to handle its crowds the school had to rent college arenas for nearly every home game. Roscoe closed out his career in 1971 as the highest prep scorer in California history (2,288 points), and Cliff was on his way to breaking that record this season—he was averaging over 30 points a game—when who should arrive on the scene from the football squad but his younger brother Sam (6'3", 200 pounds) and some other teammates to balance the Panthers' scoring attack.

In the six consecutive seasons that one or two Pondexter brothers have played

for Coach Tom Cleary, Memorial has won 129 of 151 games. Roscoe, the extrovert, is now averaging 13 points a game at Long Beach State and is one strong reason why the team is ranked fourth in the country, but it is 18-year-old Cliff who has emerged as the more dominant figure of the two. Quiet and self-contained—"You never know what he's thinking and he'll never tell you straight," says his mother, Mrs. Zeola Pondexter—he keeps things to himself. Recently he played a game while so weakened by the flu that he could not keep his hands from shaking during time-outs. Afterward, Cleary, who had not known his star was ill, apologized for his so-so game but then realized he had been fooled himself. Cliff had scored 32 points, grabbed 16 rebounds and handed out four assists.

College recruiters have been saying all season that Cliff has only three peers in the country—Richard Washington of

continued

Benson Tech in Portland, Ore. and Lewis Brown and Jackie Robinson of Verbum Dei and Morningside high schools in the Los Angeles area. Washington and Brown are close to 7 feet tall and good shooters while Robinson is a mature 6' 5" forward with excellent moves to the basket.

Cliff's game is all-round and intimidating. Built like an NFL defensive end, he dominates the whole court, whether powering in for a layup or violently snatching a defensive rebound. Because of his strength and leaping ability many college coaches feel he could remain at center in spite of being only 6' 7". They like the way he leans forward on defense—ready as Bill Russell was—shoulders hunched in anticipation of a move on the basket. Like Russell, Cliff prevents many would-be shots by dipping as if to jump. Should the shot come anyway, he often blocks it in mid-flight.

"Cliff Pondexter has the potential to challenge the world of the big men just as Sidney Wicks did," says a UCLA recruiter, Frank Arnold. "He is a man among boys in high school, a better-than-average outside shooter and he is quick laterally with great explosion to the basket."

When Cliff was a sophomore and Roscoe a senior, Memorial finished 24-2, scored 100 points in seven consecutive games and knocked off Verbum Dei in a memorable upset. Lewis Brown was also a sophomore, and the Eagles were led by Raymond Lewis, who is presently the nation's second leading scorer at Los Angeles State.

By the time Roscoe graduated, Cliff was already two inches taller and 10 pounds heavier than his brother and more than qualified to move down to the low post near the basket. On his own at last, he won his first statewide acclaim in the annual Tournament of Champions in Oakland. Memorial was a late replacement for another school and so lightly regarded that it was put in the same bracket with Fremont High of Oakland, winner of 17 straight games, and Bishop O'Dowd of Oakland, 29-0. But Memorial beat both teams and breezed through the championship game by 20 points. Cliff scored 72 points in the three games and was the obvious (though unofficial) MVP.

Memorial was not as overpowering in a Christmas tournament this season at San Dimas in Southern California,

but Cliff was. Memorial won only one game and Lewis Brown and Jackie Robinson squared off in the championship, but Cliff was voted Most Valuable Player for his 89 points and 31 rebounds in three games.

The possibility that California high school basketball could become the best in the United States may come as a mild shock to people in Indiana, Kentucky, New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago. But that is the trend. Although John Wooden recruits his share of out-of-state players, much of his talent comes right off the Los Angeles freeway system, which at the Wilshire Boulevard interchange is less than a mile from UCLA's Pauley Pavilion. "I'm always surprised if a bright young California player decides to go out of state," Wooden says.

A lot of people in California are going to be surprised if Wooden does not land Cliff Pondexter. Long Beach's Tarkenton, who was Cleary's high school coach at San Joaquin Memorial more than 15 years ago, could have an inside track but Cleary has misgivings about delivering his own prized pupil to Long Beach. Although the two go along fine, Tarkenton has never endorsed Cleary's win-but-not-at-all-costs philosophy. A child of the '50s who teaches ethnic history and talks contemporary jive as fast as they can make it up, Cleary learned some harsh lessons about recruiting when he went through the rush with Roscoe. While he refuses to favor one college over another he does say, "I don't think Cliff could help but profit from the atmosphere and discipline at UCLA. I just want to see him develop into the player and the man I know he can be."

If UCLA lands Pondexter, it probably will get Jackie Robinson, too, since he and Cliff say they want to attend school together. And Richard Washington reportedly is highly partial to UCLA. All of which sounds like the Alcindor-Wicks-Rowe act or is it the Walton-Wilkes-Farmer act all over again?

Regardless of where he would like to see Cliff go to school, Cleary has had the good sense to have his star put off visits to the University of California, UCLA, USC and Long Beach State until after basketball season ends in March. Cal will be looked at merely because Cliff wants to stay in the state and he likes the Bay Area. USC has been omnipresent. Assistant Coach Rex Hughes recently wrote the family a letter, drove

almost 300 miles to see a meaningless game that Cliff did not even start because he was late for a practice, and then drove back to Los Angeles the next morning. Long Beach has relied on big family gatherings like this season's Tournament of Champions in San Dimas. Tarkenton and Roscoe flew to the games after beating Jacksonville in New York. They were in time to see Cliff play and to talk with his parents. UCLA's style has been quiet, almost cool. The Bruins know who they are and so does everybody else.

The final word will come from Cliff himself. He does not read the mail is not terribly concerned with starting as a freshman and says he will simply go where he will be happiest. Things both brothers have said recently indicate that Roscoe and Cliff would like to establish separate identities. Roscoe has a chance to be an All-America at Long Beach and he says he would like to be known just as Roscoe Pondexter for a while, to see how it feels. The Pondexter Brothers will ride again, but perhaps apart. When Cliff was asked about UCLA recently he said: "They'll be very hard to say no to." Which is the perfect ending to a horror story.

THE WEEK

by DAN LEVIN

WEST "I'm sorry you had to come," Washington State Coach George Raveling told reporters. "This set basketball back 50 years." It was Washington 58, Washington State 51 in a non-game that featured pace—snail-like—and shooting—stone cold. Luckily for State's pride, Center Mike Dolven had 19 points in the first half, none of his teammates scored a field goal until the second.

At Long Beach State the fourth-ranked 49ers won their 39th and 40th straight at home, but Coach Jerry Tarkenton was talking the blues. Against UC Santa Barbara State allowed a 20-point second-half lead to dwindle to five before digging in to win 77-69. Gregarious Tarkenton set something of a personal record by keeping reporters waiting for 10 minutes after the game. "I told the boys how badly they played," he said later. "We had no concentration at all, but maybe we can learn from this." Long Beach also beat L.A. State 103-82.

continued

"Sue dreaded raising her three children on social security alone. Then she discovered the Gift of Love lying in Bob's desk drawer."



"After Bob had suffered a fatal heart attack, I received a call from Sue, his wife, who wondered if a policy she had found in Bob's desk drawer was valid. I'll never forget the relief in her voice when I told her it was still in force."



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With No. 1, though, all was well. The UCLA machine hummed along, running over 20th-ranked USC 79-56 for its 62nd straight win. The score hardly told the story. For all purposes the game ended in the first half when SC shot a respectable nine for 18 and was blunted off the court by the Bruins, who were 20 for 29. Said John Wooden, "Our pressure defense got to them. It created mistakes, and mistakes usually mean baskets for us. That run in the first half was the difference."

At San Francisco and Santa Clara the West Coast Athletic Conference rivals were battling down for the storm. Both won twice, SF 87-83 and 89-66 over Nevada-Las Vegas and Nevada-Reno, Santa Clara 75-52 and 95-78 over Reno and Vegas. Each has a 6-0 record, and this week they collide twice.

1. UCLA (17-2) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (17-3)

SOUTH North Carolina State was about to take Maryland in celebration from the Wolfpack, stands came Maryland's victory song! "A-men, A-men." State's rosters shouted. Later State's coach, Norm Sloan, said, "I didn't know they knew that song." When 7-4 Tom Burleson collected three fouls in only seven minutes, and his replacement, Tim Stoddard, quickly totaled the same, Sloan was forced to an unfamiliar 2-3 zone defense. But it worked. "It's not because I'm so smart," Sloan said. "We only did it because of fouls." State won 89-78. David Thompson, who scored 37 in State's earlier win over Maryland, this time got 24. Burleson reentered the game to score 18 points, 14 of them in the second half. Later the Wolfpack downed Virginia 64-59, and Maryland, having trouble again away from home, was upset by Duke 85-81. A-men, A-men.

Over at Chapel Hill a very different North Carolina was recovering from consecutive losses to Virginia and Maryland. The Tar Heels penetrated Wake Forest's tight zone defense and won 69-55. The key to their showing was strong outside shooting by Guards Darrell Elston, George Karl and Brad Huffman, who had 15, 14 and 12 points.

Way down yonder near New Orleans those sparks in the winter night came from Dwight Lamar of Southwestern Louisiana. He set a Southland Conference record with 23 goals for 50 points, and his team, ranked 11th nationally, hit 59% from the field and won its 15th game in 16 starts with a 123-91 sacking of Houston Baptist. Lamar made 23 of 38 field-goal attempts, many of them from beyond 20 feet, and he pitched in with seven assists and seven rebounds. "I enjoy our offense because it's wide open and allows for more scoring," Lamar said.

The week's upset was suffered by sixth-

ranked Alabama, a 95-93 loser to Kentucky. The winning coach, Joe Hall, said, "There will be rejoicing throughout the Southeastern Conference because of this game. It proves they can be beaten, and it opens up the race again." Alabama, whose freshman Leon Douglas led all scorers with 34 points, shot 59.7% from the field. Kevin Grevey had 33 points for Kentucky, but the difference was free throws. Kentucky sank 17 of 20 while Alabama managed only seven of 17. Hall said, "This is the way these boys can play; these men, rather; they grew up tonight." Alabama rebounded against Mississippi State 96-86 while the Kentucky men were losing to Vanderbilt 83-76.

Florida State buried South Florida, 95-53, and Coach Hugh Durham said, "For the first time we played like last year," when FSU went to the NCAA finals before losing to UCLA. Days later the Seminoles played more like this year and lost to Virginia Tech 91-82. Said a Tech player: "I'm sorry they weren't ranked higher, but our win should convince someone about our record, 13-2." Wake Forest was continued, losing to Tech 71-67. Florida State revised its fortunes somewhat, besting Seton Hall 80-61.

1. N.C. STATE (16-0) 2. SW LOUISIANA (15-1)

EAST St. John's is playing inveterate ball than ever, beating Villanova and Army. The liveliest Redman of all is the team's best pro prospect, Bill Schaeffer, who scored 22 and 23 points in two games and grabbed 11 rebounds in the 87-77 win over Villanova. A 5'8" freshman named Frank Alaga came off the bench in that one to dazzle the Wildcats with behind-the-back passing and a newfound scoring touch. "It's easy for me," he said. "I've been practicing since I was six years old." Said St. John's Coach Frank Mulheir, "I've been using psychology with some of our young players and it works. We've become believers. Now my kids feel we can match any other team in the country."

At 12th-ranked Providence, Coach Dave Gavitt is using philosophy. He says, "I always tell my players, 'When you're having trouble putting the ball in the basket, you have to play good defense to win.' Not Netschke, but it works. After beating Boston College 73-66, the Friars trailed Niagara at the half 30-26. They had suffered 17 turnovers. Later Gavitt would say, "Our defense saved us. That's what we produce 75% of the time, and I guess we looked it in that first half." Providence started hitting, though, and went on to win 70-66.

La Salle's fast break all but blew Western Kentucky right out of Philadelphia's Palestra 108-80, but the key was ice cream, not psychology or philosophy. Jim Crawford scored 21 and Coach Paul Westhead knew

it was coming. "At our meal he served the whole team ice cream," Westhead said. "Then he went around and poured chocolate sauce on it. When you see him do something like that you know he's ready to fly."

Another flyer in Philadelphia was Penn, victor over Brown 88-60. Sophomore Ron Hargler scored 27 points and took 19 rebounds, and Phil Hankinson got his 1,000th point, scoring 16 and being credited with 12 rebounds and eight assists.

1. PROVIDENCE (14-2) 2. ST. JOHN'S (15-2)

MIDWEST Minnesota was playing a clean, precise game, but for the opposition the results were rough. After losing 81-64 to the Gophers, Wisconsin Coach John Penseless said, "We've had three games this season when we've been blown off the floor, once at UCLA, our earlier game at Minnesota, and now this one." The next lamb led to slaughter was Purdue. Its solid 12-4 record was no big help as Minnesota won easily, 70-53, outrebounding the Boilermakers 54-35 and at one point outscoring them 18-1. The big confrontation with Ohio State was palming into insignificance. More to the point will be Minnesota and Indiana head to head. The Hoosiers easily took Northwestern 81-65 to lead their lead in the Big Ten.

When Iowa's Kevin Kunnert came down with his 17th rebound to break a school career record, the game did not stop for a presentation. It stopped with three seconds left when Kunnert was lying flat on the floor, the result of an unscheduled meeting with the fist of Michigan's John Lockard. It was a rugged game all around. Once Michigan Coach Johnny Orr seemed about to punch an official but was restrained by an assistant. "He'd have been out of basketball for good," said Iowa Coach Dick Schultz. Oh yes, Iowa won 75-68.

Marquette took DePaul 70-55, but Coach Al McGuire was not smiling. At one point DePaul tossed in 11 straight points, and McGuire called time out. When the team gathered around he glared at his players but never said a word. "I wanted to show them there really is something to coaching," he said later. "It was garbage time, or agent's time, or something," he added, referring to his team's infatuation with what might be in the prox next year rather than with what is right now in this college season.

Missouri threw a scare into Coach Norm Stewart. With his team down by as many as eight points to Oklahoma State, Stewart assigned Al Eberhard to guard Kevin Fitzgerald, who had been popping the ball in from 15 feet. State's bubble burst, Missouri went on to score nine points in one 48-second period and won 85-73.

1. MINNESOTA (15-2) 2. MARQUETTE (15-3)

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In the water the Morehouse Tiger Sharks live up to their awesome nickname: they are, beyond a doubt, the best black-college swimming team in the nation. But on the road they look more like the Morehouse Sardines, traveling with 15 swimmers, one diver and one extra-large coach packed into three station wagons. And it was in this compressed fashion that they departed Atlanta one morning last month for the 173-mile trip to Montgomery, where they would swim Alabama State and record their 110th victory in 115 meets.

But winners do not complain. At least, not those who perform for the imposing Dr. James Haines, who is both swimming coach and head of the Morehouse physical education department.

"It's a matter of perspective," explains the 6'4", 225-pound Haines. "My swimmers know they are not Mark Spitz. And I certainly am not Dr. Counsilman. We are simply the biggest fish in a very small pond." From Haines' point of view this situation will prevail until he has produced world-class swimmers, black Olympians. (There was only one black finalist at Munich, Enth Brigatha of The Netherlands.) The modest appraisal also reflects Morehouse tradition. The school prides itself on its long, illustrious record of academic achievement rather than the records of its teams. Intellectual arrogance is the way those at rival black schools describe it. As the saying goes, you can always tell a Morehouse man, but you can never tell him a damn thing.

That old sinking feeling

Blacks lack buoyancy, as Dr. James Haines has demonstrated, but his Morehouse College swimmers have overcome gravity and the opposition

Be it pride or arrogance, Morehouse has grounds for its pretensions. Sixty-two percent of its faculty have doctorates (Haines' is from Springfield), more than any other black college or university in the country.

Any reference to alumni automatically begins with Nobel Prize winner Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and includes Detroit Judge George Crockett, Julian Bond (a former backstroker for Haines) and historian Lerone Bennett. As an afterthought, long after, Donn Cledenson, the ex-New York Met and World Series hero, will be identified as a Morehouse man. Art Walker, Olympic triple-jumper, is usually overlooked. "You could call Morehouse the black Harvard," said an alumnus recently, trying to define the character of the 105-year-old college. "You're close, brother, but confused," interrupted a young grad. "Harvard is the honky Morehouse."

In any event the student body is wild about the swimming team. As many as 800 of the 1,150 students jam the pool for meets, and there is talk of knocking

out a wall so additional bleachers can be erected.

"The idea of black swimmers was so new, so revolutionary that at first the fans didn't know a hot time for the 100 from a squeeze bunt," says Haines. "All they knew was that we were winners but that was enough." For the other members of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference it is too much. Morehouse has won the league championship 13 times in the 15 years it has had a swimming team.

No one in the SIAC is more frustrated than Alabama State's Freddie Wyckoff. "Beat Dr. Haines and you've taken a chunk out of a legend," says Wyckoff, who has been trying without success for 11 years, four as a swimmer and seven as a coach. "When I whip Morehouse, I'm going to quit. It's my goal. My one goal. Everybody's aim in the SIAC is to beat Morehouse and Doc Haines. But I'm the one that's going to do it."

Just before his most recent attempt Wyckoff felt that early retirement was

continued



BREASTSTROKER GERALD OLIVER BRAIDS HIS HAIR TO "FEEL THE WATER," BUT COACH HAINES RARELY UPBRAIDS HIS TIGER SHARKS

at hand. In fact, he claimed to have his letter of resignation written. Wyckoff was even more certain that his day had come when the Christmas-fat Morehouse swimmers got out of their station wagons. Indeed, he was so delighted that he began what Morehouse men call "woofing." Now woofing can be many things. In this instance, it was pure psychological warfare, as opposed to the jive lying that Texas Southern gets into when its swimmers and coach claim that Morehouse is afraid to put its laurels on the line and schedule them.

"Hi, Coach, tough trip?" said Wyckoff, beaming. "As a matter of fact, Freddie, it was very pleasant, only took us 2½ hours," replied Haines, exaggerating amiably. "By the way, how's that good driver of yours? He ought to be graduated by now." "Oh, you mean my national-caliber man?" replied Wyckoff, improving his driver's ranking several notches. "He has two more years of eligibility, so I'm going to keep him over for his master's."

The noon meal, less than two hours before the meet, was bountiful and very heavy: ham, yams, peas and bread. "Morehouse, eat up!" Wyckoff bellowed. "Be my guests. Have seconds. Yes, sir, I do believe this is my day."

But the best-laid tables can come to naught, which is what happened to Wyckoff's. He had figured Haines would ease up in the 400-meter medley relay, the first event, and lead up for the 400 freestyle relay, the last. It did not work out that way. Haines sent his Pistols (his aces) out to win the medley. Backstroker Joe Lebron, "the Rose of Spanish Harlem," opened up a lead of half the length of the pool and the race was never in doubt.

Haines gave State the 1,000, saving his best swimmers for the 500 and 200. That was not the way Freddie Wyckoff had it figured. State's white distance man was a good one. "But I'm going to put my Pistols on him and shut him out in the 500," said Haines. It was a triumph of physical unfitness. Although neither Winston Mardas of Chicago, one of what Haines calls his Midwestern Mobsters, nor Byron Richardson, a New York Slick from Jamaica, had spent much time in the pool the previous month, they went one-two in the 500. The shocker came, however when Gerald Oliver, a University of Michigan²² infer, won the 200 breast-

stroke. With his chin whiskers, Oliver resembled Lenin hugging into a bad anchovy as he gulped for air, but he set a pool record of 2:46.9.

Andrew Brown, a high school All-America at Williston (Mass.) Academy, won the 50 and the 100—establishing a pool record of 0:58 in the latter—making the score Morehouse 42, Alabama State 27. A bit later Haines called a halt to the slaughter. "Now we can't lose, so let's leave them some pride," he said. "That's something the black schools haven't learned yet. The courtesies. You don't pile it on when you have a meet won." With that Haines called to his diver, Dorsey Hillard, an engineering student who was doing his homework, and told him to stick with his book. Morehouse would allow State's "national-caliber" diver to put on an exhibition. Haines would forfeit. But even while trying to hold down the score Morehouse won the 400 freestyle relay with a dud team and took the meet 68-40.

"I don't know how you do it, but you won again," said Wyckoff. "Congratulations. Looks like you're going to grab another title."

How Haines does it is a question a lot of schools have asked. "It is just a matter of having an excellent feeder system," he says. His talent is fed in by his former swimmers in New York and the Midwest. "I stay away from the creek swimmers," says Haines. "When a Morehouse man in the South tells me there's a kid in his town who can really do it, I know he is not a competition swimmer. Kinetically, the kid can't make it. It takes competitive swimming and first-class training, and you don't get that paddling around in creeks."

Even so, some of his Pistols are walk-ons or close to it, like Gerald Oliver. "At Michigan I swam for an excellent coach," he says. "A great man but I was a hired hand. A freak. A black swimmer! At Morehouse swimming is just an extracurricular activity, not my primary function. An all-black environment is probably just as unnatural as the whiter-than-white ones at the big schools, but many of us need the security of a black environment today." Darryl Oliver, a transfer from Williams, had come to Morehouse for the same reason, and to swim for Haines.

"Dr. Haines is a man we can identify with," says Captain Mike Wright. "He's the Big Daddy. He's really too busy to

give us the time we need, but then he'll come down nights and on weekends to open the pool. He does it all. Helps us with our problems, gets us out of jail, and keeps us at the books."

What he does not do is allow his swimmers to fuss. Not so much as a damn is said in his presence. Nor are they allowed to call him Pinky, which was Haines' nickname when he played baseball with Josh Gibson on the Homestead Grays and during his brief stint with the Globetrotters.

In a large way, Haines has become an institution on campus. He not only founded the swimming team but lobbied successfully for the pool. A new held house was planned 17 years ago, but without provision for a pool. It was not surprising, blacks just were not swimmers. "There were a whole bunch of theories that I don't believe would hold up under the microscope," says Haines. "Like their bone density was wrong, or the fat-to-muscle ratio was unfavorable."

These theories were as well-founded as the one Gerald Oliver heard a TV personality spout and that made him determined to become a swimmer rather than a basketball player: blacks can't swim because there are too many crocodiles in the Congo. What is evidently true is that blacks are not buoyant. At Morehouse, Haines tested 841 subjects in the Red Cross jellyfish float. The outcome was that 73¹, couldn't.

"The results were purely descriptive, not inferential," says Haines. "I don't know why they were sinks, but they were." Since then he has conducted what he calls "randomization tests" at Morehouse and during his two years in Africa as head of the phys-ed department at the University of Nigeria. These bore out his original conclusion—blacks lack buoyancy. In 1967 Haines presented his findings in a paper entitled *The Incidence of Specific Gravity as Found Among Selected Negro College Males*.

Despite this sinking feeling, Haines is optimistic about the future of black Olympic swimmers. "All other factors being equal, we shall overcome," he says. And he wants to be the man behind the first black man named to the U.S. Olympic swimming team.

"Do that and the U.S. Government will designate you a natural resource, like the Brazilians did with Pele," woofed Haines' son Skip. "I'll buy that," said Haines. END

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In the past it was usually UCLA and USC who produced the best players, but now the big gun on the West Coast is Stanford, led by Alex Mayer. Still, it's...

Strictly a California affair

Something good has come out of the Nielsen ratings, that audience-measuring system used by the television networks to justify keeping the chaff and throwing out the wheat. It seems that Arthur C. Nielsen, before he went out into the nation's bedrooms and started counting all those pajama-clad Johnny Carson freaks, was a tennis player at the University of Wisconsin, class of 1918. His son played there, too. Five years ago Nielsen, now in his 70s but still a twice-a-week doubles player, served up \$2,156,500 of his marketing-research profits to build a tennis Taj Mahal at his alma mater. Today it ranks as the fourth wonder of the racket world, just behind Ken Rosewall's backhand, Ken Rosewall's longevity and Ken Rosewall's bank account.

Nielsen Tennis Stadium has 12 indoor courts, six squash courts and a gallery in which spectators can move easily from match to match. The lighting is good, the resilient asphalt surface gives a true bounce and the ceiling is high. Maybe best of all, fans can sit in living-room comfort and watch play on the featured

No. 5 court through a glass wall—splendid for those used to second-guessing line calls from high up in Section Q. The building seems suited for something grander than a tennis clinic for faculty wives, and last weekend that something was tried, the first—and perhaps last annual Intercollegiate Indoor Team Championship.

After four days and approximately \$2,100 worth of optic yellow balls, the winner Sunday afternoon, believe it or not, was a team having a slight connection with the State of Wisconsin. Stanford, the No. 6 team for Stanford, freshman John Whitlinger, is from Neshanic, Wis., where he grew up across the street from an indoor court. The Cardinals beat UCLA in the final 6-3, and their compact, quick little No. 1 player, Alex Mayer, beat UCLA's Jeff Austin 7-6, 3-6, 6-3 in the feature match.

Perhaps, because last weekend also happened to be the opening of the slurp-spoon-spear season on Lake Winniebagoo, a disappointingly small number of people showed up at Nielsen to buy

the 25¢ "Love Is Our Racket" buttons and watch the good competition. Coca-Cola made a \$7,500 contribution and each of the 16 competing schools put up a \$750 entry fee, but the lack of spectator interest might make that money difficult to get next year.

This is how the tournament worked. The field included eight All-Americans, but the lowly No. 6 men on each squad were just as important as the stars because the competition was team versus team. Six singles matches and three doubles matches were played in each round, each match counting one point. "You're battling depth in this tournament," said Wisconsin Coach Denny Schaekter. "A team has to be five and six deep to win here." The host Badgers proved to be about as deep as a wading pool and lost in the first round to Southern Methodist 9-0, winning only two sets.

The top seven teams from last year's NCAA tournament were entered but, sadly, a number of outstanding individuals—enough to draw crowds even in Wisconsin—were absent. Michigan's Freddy DeJesus, the best player out of



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Puerto Rico since Charlie Pasarelli, stayed home with the flu. Columbia freshman Vitas Gerulaitis, one of the country's top juniors, chose to play in a European tournament. Stanford All-America Chico Hagye still nursed a broken leg, suffered on the first point of his match last year at Forest Hills. If it had not been for pro signings, Erik Van Dillen, a senior at USC, would have been there, as would Brian Gottfried, a junior at Trinity, Jimmy Connors, a junior at UCLA, and Stanford's Leonard Roscoe Tanner III.

Still, there were some excellent, if little-known, players there in Nielsen Stadium last week battling for points rather than dollars: Michigan's Victor Amaya, a hulk with a gut-busting serve; a Dutchman playing for Tennessee; an Englishman for USC; an Australian for SMU; and a South African for UCLA. But the best of all was Stanford's Mayer, the son of a New Jersey tennis pro and the odds-on favorite to win the collegiate

singles championship this June at Princeton University.

Mayer gives the impression of being compulsively neat, the type of guy who before going to bed at night arranges his change on the dresser, nickels, dimes and quarters in separate stacks. His tennis whites are always Ramo bright. He wears a little towel hanging over his right front pocket and wipes his hands on that rather than on his shorts like the slobs. Why, the very contours of his aluminum racket and handsome face are modern and neat. Naturally, his game is precision. Mayer's volleys seem to land exactly six millimeters *this* side of the line. But hear human Hegrumbles—and sometimes bellows—at himself on the court and he is cocky enough off it to annoy some of his opponents. And his friends call him Sandy, not Alex.

Mayer is just a junior and played No. 2 for Stanford last year behind Tanner—but not far behind. He won four tournaments at the end of the season—Ojai,

Husky Invitational, Mountain View Invitational and California State—beating Tanner in the last two. He lost in the NCAA semifinals but, teamed with Tanner, won the doubles. He had a good summer and winter including a win over pro rookie Dick Stockton, and is now a polished, sound percentage player who should make a very good pro.

"It would take one of the better players in the country—you've got to be in the top echelon, I think—to beat Alex now," said USC Coach George Toley. "If you don't put him away early, by the third shot he has cultivated position on you."

Mayer just mowed down his opposition at Nielsen and so did Stanford. North Carolina got blitzed 9-0 in the first round as Mayer beat All-America Fred McNear 6-3, 6-3. Trinity, a mere shadow of the team that won the NCAA title last June, was smashed 8-1—the one point coming when Stanford defaulted a doubles match early Saturday morning.

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so the squad could go back to its lake-side hotel and rest up for the semifinal duel with old friend USC. Mayer beat Trinity No. 1 John Burrman 6-0, 6-2.

UCLA was in the easier half of the draw. The Bruins beat Columbia 9-0 and Michigan 8-1, then whipped surprising SMU in the semis 7-2. SMU a tennis power? A look at the roster provided the reason: five Californians, one Australian and an Aussie coach. Not a Texan in the lot—and probably no Methodists either.

The semifinal between Stanford and USC was the best meeting of the tournament and showed why the coaches were unanimous in praise of the whole affair. USC's Toley and Stanford's young Dick Gould stayed down in the catacombs beneath the gallery. In a matter of seconds they could see all six singles matches, scurrying back and forth along the corridor like two nurses with dying patients in six wards. Whenever the players changed sides the coaches were al-

lowed—as they are at many college dual meets—to talk to them.

Toley, whose Trojan teams have won nine collegiate championships, changed the order of his lineup slightly, then forfeited a singles match to save a slightly injured player for doubles (where he would not have to cover as much ground) and pulled every other legal trick he could think of to topple Stanford.

"Toley has earned everybody's respect by the way he does things," said Michigan State Coach Stan Drobnac. "Have you ever seen the guy upset? He handles everything with consummate ease and his players are the same. I've picked his brain for 16 years. Every chance I get I talk to him."

But Gould of Stanford, a buddy to his players, a terrific recruiter and apparently no slouch at strategy either, had the upper hand this day, even without the injured All-America, Hagey (USC was also beset by injury and had to play without freshman Mike Wayman, who

sprained his ankle the night before). Mayer continued his waltz through the singles battles, beating Raul Ramirez, a sophomore from Baja California, 6-2, 6-3. No. 2 Jim Delaney had a tough fight with USC's Mike Machette but won in straight sets. John Andrews and Sashi Menon then won for the Trojans.

Stanford won the No. 5 singles in a tough three-setter, which with a surprise victory in first doubles and the forfeited singles put the team match away 6-3. The favored USC pair of Ramirez and Machette lost to Stanford's Gery Grosshmond and Rick Fisher 6-4, 6-3.

Collegiate tennis used to be strictly a Los Angeles affair, UCLA or USC winning every year, but Stanford has now made it a California affair. The three powerhouses will meet again in dual meets, then again in the Pacific Eight tournament and finally at the NCAA tournament in June. As Gould said after his team had finished off USC: "That's only Round One." **END**

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**SLEEPS 6 TO 8
AND GOES
GLUB, GLUB, GLUB**



That was the little boat that took the intrepid foursome off into the untracked vastness of that dark and adventurous frontier, innermost Florida. The trouble was, they kept running around in circles

by FRANK DEFORD

We met at the Hertz counter at the Tampa airport. None of us had ever been into the heart of darkest Florida before and, as a consequence, nobody had the urge to say anything wry that would be regretted later. There was my fragile wife Carol, my friend Pat M——, who brought his wife Georgie and his new camera with the zoom lens, although not necessarily in that order. For the record, let it be noted that the three of my associates were no more experienced around boats than I was.

continued



We brought along food and suntan lotion. They were at the top of our list, along with gin, bourbon and beer. So we had, actually, five things at the top of our list; six, if you count tonic. For food, we leaned toward cheese crackers, peanuts and Hostess Twinkies.

We also brought reading material, hats, rubber-soled shoes and bug spray. Finally, in a very good deal, I was able to obtain 250 postcards at must-sell prices from an overstocked Apollo backup crew. These postcards were earned with us on every step of our historic journey, and would make ideal high-priced gifts for loved ones.

Oh, yes. There was one other thing we brought on board our boat that I feel it only fair to tell you about: Ken Guntow. Ken had been piloting freighters on the Great Lakes for about 30 years, as well as navigating various other tricky waterways all over America. He is a skilled, experienced, able, resourceful captain. If you thought for a minute that I, or the beautiful mother of my children, or that either of the M—s was going to get near a boat without our very own captain, then you just don't understand. If God had wanted me to be daring, he would have named me Tenzing Norgay.

We cast off on a Sunday from Cape Coral, near Fort Myers on the southwest Florida coast. It was a beautiful sunny day in the Sunshine State. The boat we were aboard was half houseboat, half sport-fisherman, as unlikely as such a combination may sound, a model called the Cutter made by the Cargile company in Tennessee. It was 28 feet long and could do about 30 mph or 30 knots, one or the other. And that is good enough for me. Our Cutter, otherwise unnamed, was leased through a company called Hiawatha Valley/Hiawatha Hills, whose main property is a large year-round resort on the Mississippi River near Alma, Wis. If you are inspired enough by this saga to want to rent a Cutter (or some other comparable model), Hiawatha is P.O. Box 125, Alma, Wis. 54610.

Our journey was planned to take us from Cape Coral, out into the Gulf of Mexico, to Captiva Island; back inland on Monday, up the Caloosahatchee River-Canal to Clewiston; then around the rim of Lake Okechobee to Stuart via the St. Lucie River-Canal, and down the inland waterway to Palm Beach for Tuesday night. The next day we would retrace most of the previous day's route back to Indiantown, then Thursday cut across the middle of Okechobee and up the Kissimmee River to near Lake Wales. After a day's old-fashioned motorcar trip to Disney World and back, a last boat trek would carry us to Tohopekaliga Lake, near Orlando, our final destination. A busy and action-packed week.

I would not necessarily recommend this particular cruise, but we were consciously trying to do a little of everything. Thus, we saw both Florida coasts and the most varied inland waterways; we had to handle the boat under the most diverse conditions a novice should dare attempt; we saw Florida at its beautiful best and at its scruffiest; we fished, shelled, swam and—but for two uncharitable thunderstorms—would have gotten in some tennis as well. For sheer sightseeing we managed such extremes as Fantasyland and Worth Avenue, Palm Beach—and had we been absolutely determined to jam more in there was the opportunity for jai alai, the trotters and any number of ma-

rine worlds or snake farms, parrot lands and salad bars. But we did feed marshmallows and cheese crackers to a friendly wild alligator and we ran across John Glenn at a seafood buffet table.

I cannot guarantee that all of this will happen to you if you take a boat trip since the alligator may have moved and I have absolutely no assurance where John Glenn is going to dine in the months ahead. Nonetheless, I do suspect that if you undertake something as loony as this, equivalent experiences are virtually bound to occur. And you might have an even better time if you plan a trip around your specific interests: a fishing cruise, for example, working

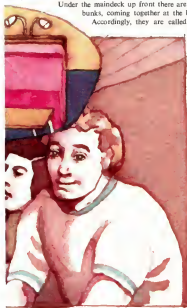


all the best spots, Gulf Coast to Atlantic; a nature cruise; or a luxury cruise down the ritzy East Coast; even a baseball cruise to look in on teams at spring-training time.

One never can really be sure what might appeal to boaters. I always thought of boats in the sense of glorious isolation, sailing away from it all. On the contrary, it seems that what the boat people like best is jamming together in close camaraderie at the marinas. Boats often seem merely to be things that were invented to get people from one marina to the next. Of course, there are some old salts who do want to get away from it all. I understand that people will hire houseboats and inquire where the reception is best. Then they will anchor a few miles from where they rented the boat and watch TV for a week or two.

Sooner or later one must face the matter of sleeping on boats. The Cutter is advertised as "sleeps 6-8." This is perfectly true; I also have no doubt that if there were PR men around a couple of hundred years ago they would have pushed the Black Hole of Calcutta with "sleeps 142-146." On the Cutter you got your eight this way: the seats up on the bridge or whatever it is (the place where you sit to steer the boat) fold down into two beds like an old Nash Rambler—if you are willing to take the time to put up a lot of canvas to keep out bugs and prying eyes.

Under the maindeck up front there are two bunks, coming together at the bow. Accordingly, they are called the



V-Berths and appear to feature about six inches of headroom. The V-Berths began to look more spacious the longer we stayed on board and the hotter it got, though, especially since the air-conditioning unit was what took up much of the headroom. Then, in the cabin, there is sort of a master double bed that folds out in the back, and a smaller one toward the front, opposite the stove. It was here, in these two beds, that we first prepared to spend the night.

Let me say this about going on a boat with some other couple: do not do it unless a) you know these other people well or b) are anxious to know them well. I have a hunch this applies universally on boats, as much to the Onassis and their boat as to the Defords and theirs.

The first night we set up the accommodations, at Captiva Island, it took us quite a while to prepare the beds, or even to figure them out. If there was a saving grace to taking so long, it was that we had to pause regularly to slake our thirst; this is how we lost the farm, heh-heh. This anesthetized us all for sleep, and we thus were able to get in four solid hours before the effects of the booze wore off and we all woke up hearing the waves lapping at the side of the boat and going "glub, glub, glub." Luckily, only some nights was it like this; other nights, for mysterious reasons, it would *not* go "glub, glub, glub," so all of us would stare at the ceiling, unable to sleep a wink for wondering when the boat would start going "glub, glub, glub."

After a few days Pat began to speak in this strange, far-off way about Holiday Inns. Since the boat had no name, George christened it the *Sleepless IV*. And each night, it seemed, the old sun would go under the old yardarm a little earlier. This had nothing to do with seasonal solar changes or even, for that matter, with yardarms, inasmuch as I don't think our boat had one. It did have to do with the cocktail hour, or cocktail hours, as they came to be known in our very salty circle.

Luckily for our peace of mind, one night we met some terrific people named Abe and Virginia W— at the Indiantown Marina. Abe and Virginia are from Baltimore but were sailing their houseboat out of Palm Beach, leaving it moored at Indiantown for a few weeks. They saw us pull in and waved us over to join them. They had this magnificent houseboat; it had real bedrooms and baths, wall-to-wall, bow-to-stern carpeting, beautiful appointments and was approximately the size of Toledo, Ohio.

We explained to the W—s what we were up to, and Virginia cooed and ahhed and told our wives how much fun that sounded, and how she wished she could do that sort of thing. Virginia was long on tact but not real good at fibbing. Abe mixed some drinks and told us something we were all glad to hear. "One thing you find out very quickly about boats," he said, "is that you drink too much on them. You also eat too much—and all the wrong things."

The W—s once had a couple on board who went out to buy food for a trip and came back with \$50 worth of *bars d'oeuvre*. Those people had been on a boat trip before. On another journey, from Fort Lauderdale to Annapolis, the whole case of booze was exhausted by North Carolina. And I want to emphasize, too, that the W—s are very temperate people. It is just that boats do funny things to you.

Marinas do help. You can play some catch-up ball in marinas. Whereas most boats have only toy showers and toy toilets aboard, marinas offer the real thing, plus television sets and playrooms for kids and "lounges," which can pass for whatever you want them to. Some marinas also have swimming pools, restaurants, courtesy cars, even Magic Fingers, I suppose. Indiantown featured a pet alligator. On the *Sleepless IV* we had a dinner of grilled cheese sandwiches, angelfood cake and chilled rosé wine. Pat went to sleep in the V-Berth.

But enough of the swish marina life. Let's get on to the adventure. And what kind of an adventure would it be if the boat didn't break down? Well, to level with you, the boat didn't break down altogether. It only appeared to;

continued

breakdown seemed imminent. We were on the St. Lucie Canal, about midway from Okeechobee to Stuart. It was about 120° in the shade.

How did the boat break, almost? Well, while I was driving it ran over some hyacinth. If you are not from the Deep South, you may not know what hyacinth is or at least where and how it grows. But I do have a speaking acquaintance with hyacinth, as well as hibiscus and bougainvillea because I am a horse-race fan, and Hialeah always names stakes after Florida flowers. This gave me some edge, and the natives looked at me with new respect whenever we encountered Florida flowers—or at least the ones Hialeah races are named after.

I also stood out in another way. Despite the fact that boats are totally foreign to me, I am very nautical-looking—I have a tattoo. Not only that, it is a tattoo of a swordfish. It doesn't mean anything; it just seemed like a good idea at the time. I was a teen then. The guy I was with chose lightning bolts. They don't mean anything, either, but they are much easier to explain to people than a swordfish. Of course, tattoos of any subject are not fashionable anymore. This is because, to quote various surveys from memory, it has been determined that men with tattoos are insecure, unbalanced, intimidated by women (so what else is new?) and also, I believe, homicidal. For years I have been burdened with my swordfish tattoo; at last I was in a position to use it to my advantage.

So after a day's cruise I would take my nautical body and hang around boat places, saying especially seaworthy things right off the top of my head like: "Red, right, returning." "Ahoy mates" and "Avast ye swabbies." Captain Ken taught me another real inside boat expression. The accelerator on boats of this type is a little lever at knee level on the right side. If you want to pick up speed, you push the lever down and away; thus, you "put it in the corner." I took to saying "put it in the corner" quite a bit, and I am sure, what with the tattoo, impressed many boat people very favorably.

Captain Ken had just finished telling me to "put it in the corner," as a matter of fact, when I plowed over the hyacinth. One of these plants, which float free in the water, got tangled up in the propeller and the boat started laboring. It was apparent that we would have to ditch the boat as soon as we could float near civilization, or, preferably, Hertz. We all cursed our bad luck while, secretly, we thought of motels and sheets

and water glasses in crinkly paper—all the things that soft, sissy people have come to depend on.

As the boat struggled gamely I remembered a little story about a kid whose pet turtle died. To assuage his son's massive grief the father planned a burial party, complete with ice cream and cake, games and toys. Just before all the kids came over to lay the turtle to rest, the turtle stirred and proved to be alive. "Let's kill it," said the grief-stricken kid.

Our poor struggling *Sleepless IV* limped about 20 miles until we reached a drawbridge. Pat, at the wheel now, honked and whistled for the attendants, but to no avail—and Pat is one of those people who can really whistle. Pat also was not capable of stopping the boat and making it stay in one place. Neither was I, but Pat had figured out this maneuver where—instead of trying to stop the boat—he would just take it around in circles. Finally, after many little circles, the bridgekeeper, a lady in a huge period bonnet, came out of her house and hollered: "Ah declare Ah'm sorry. The next time, y'all send me a telegram by water, and Ah'll bake you a cake." I promise you, that is exactly what she said, word for word for word.

Pat was so rattled that he forgot himself, and one of his little circles almost took us right into the bridge. When Captain Ken hollered at him, Pat put it in the corner. There was a crash and a lurch and, apparently, the hyacinth was expelled.

When we got through the bridge Pat noted, cautiously, that it seemed to him that the boat was going just fine again. Ken took the wheel and made various tests and came to the same conclusion. "Hey," he called gaily to the girls down below, "it's working just fine again." Crestfallen, they smiled.

"Let's kill it," I said under my breath.

One thing I couldn't stand about boats is that you must wave at all the other boats and all their other people as you pass. It is obligatory, it seems, and therefore a meaningless gesture, rather like years ago when all the people who drove Volkswagens waved at other Volkswagens. Still, most boat people are extremely nice. They manage to be polite even when they are thrown lines that are not attached to anything. Boat people seem genuinely interested by nature, and of a generous disposition. Maybe waving all the time is really good for the soul.

Boating also is worthwhile if only because it forces one to get off Interstate highways. Let's face it: as



long as there are Interstate highways, people in motorcars are not going to leave them. They will talk all about getting off the beaten track, but they won't. Even people camping out now do not get out of shouting distance from the median strip. I have been to Florida many times, but I saw things from the boat I never imagined. I don't suppose I ever saw a cow in Florida before, but did you know that there are two million cattle in Florida? You can look it up. We saw lush jungle foliage too, and miles of huge stately pines that seemed to have come straight out of the Canadian Northwest. We saw gorgeous flowers, we saw birds dive and battle for prey, fish jump and we saw two alligators, which does not sound like much, but it is still two more alligators than you see on Interstate highways.

At the River Ranch, a complete first-class resort up near Lake Wales, we witnessed a real live rodeo with real live cowboys (what with all the real live cows), and on the southern rim of Okechobee, at Clewiston, "the sweetest little town in America" (there is, I am sorry to have to tell you, a large sugar refinery there), we went to the Clewiston Inn, where the manager, Al Bridges, personally baked sweet bread for the guests' breakfast. So maybe it is good experience enough, boat or no boat, merely to stay away from the Interstates and the interchanges. Maybe we should be content just to leave with that lesson.

This kind of escape does not come cheap, however. The *Sleepless IV* costs \$395 to rent for a week, and gasoline and marina fees will add up to another \$125. That's \$520 minimum base apiece for two couples. Then there are food and drink costs, which could vary tremendously depending on how often you eat off the boat, plus such miscellaneous expenses as taxis or rental cars for side trips, and general entertainment expenditures—fishing licenses, bait, greens fees, pari-mutuel tickets, whatever is your fancy. Binoculars and a captain are optional, although I would strongly recommend both—ideally, the latter brings the former. A good man at the helm means peace of mind without an invasion of privacy; the captain will leave the boat and stay in a motel at night. A captain's fee and expenses are \$200 or so for the week, but unless you are especially adventuresome it is the best vacation money you will spend.

To be very blunt I do not understand why anybody wants to drive a boat. This utterly confounds me, although I should have seen it coming. Everybody kept saying what fun it would be when I could drive the boat. I should have said right out: look, I do not want to drive the boat; it is bad enough I have to drive a car; I don't want to drive motorcycles, airplanes, dune buggies, Sherman tanks or any other vehicles you can name. Most especially, I don't want to drive boat vehicles. My idea of a boat trip was to sit down, soak up the sun, read and sight-see, and have the captain drive the boat. Isn't that what captains are for?

Hardly had we pulled out of the harbor near the Cape Coral Golf and Country Club that first morning aboard than Captain Ken asked who wanted the privilege of first driving the boat. Since none of my cohorts had the least interest in forced labor, I felt obligated, as the group leader, to go up and feign polite interest in the endeavor.

Captain Ken was a wonderful teacher, patient and un-

derstanding, as each of us botched the job of boat driving. Unfortunately, as we soon found out to our desperate, unbelieving surprise, learning how to drive the boat was not quite optional. There was a kicker: Captain Ken was being called back to the Great Lakes, where he was first mate on a freighter that was suddenly being returned to duty. The boat was to be turned over to us. We were completely on our own.

I do not understand why boat people would even consider letting an incompetent like me drive a boat around. If I was someone else and had known I was driving a boat, I would have got off the water. Captain Ken tried to make a boat driver out of me and the others, he really did, but with little success. When he left us at the West Palm Beach Marina he hacked the *Sleepless IV* in so that all we had to do was take her straight out in the morning. Then he taught the girls how to tie knots—in the unlikely event that Pat or I could ever park the thing. Then he picked up his gear, waved and walked off down the dock, sticking me with this 28-foot, 225-horsepower monster.

The dockmaster said we were real lucky. Palm Beach had just been rocked by an electrical storm, and the hurricane wasn't due for another day. We explained we were taking the boat out next day, and he nodded, dubiously. "Well, of course, if you're going back up around the Kissimmee," he said, "the lightning storms are not near so much to worry about as the tornadoes. They can come down the river and lift the boat right up."

Boastered by this sort of comforting inside information, we soon were ready to take off up the waterway. We were to head for Stuart, past a tricky inlet right at the ocean, across a blustery bay and down a river-canal to Indiantown. We had no binoculars on board and were unable to obtain a chart—not that we had learned to read one very well, anyway. "I'm sorry," the clerk at the marine store had said, "we don't have that chart. It's our best-seller." I said maybe that was a good reason for keeping a lot of them in stock, and he looked at me like I was a wise guy. Another problem we had was that, generally speaking, Pat and I had no real idea which side of the markers to steer the boat on. I took solace in the hope that mistakes might be to our advantage, though, for Captain Ken had told me one day: "Sometimes I think most markers are put in by marine repair."

Pat took the helm at the start and everyone moved to the cast-off positions. I untied one of the lines and was just about to throw it and jump aboard when down the dock a man came running, lickety-split, waving his arms and screaming at us. "Wait, wait, don't go," he cried. He seemed frantic. Naturally, all of us prayed that he was some kind of official who was not going to let us leave—but make us spend several days in a Palm Beach hotel.

It turned out he was not. It turned out that he was a television cameraman from the local Channel 5. He was shooting a commercial for a hometown bank—I guess it was one of those things about what a great life you can achieve by borrowing from banks—and when he spotted our magnificent boat and crew he decided that we were perfect for his commercial. "Can I shoot you leaving the marina?" he asked.

"Well, listen," I said, "This may not be exactly what

continued

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you're after. You see, we never drove a boat before, and we can't stop at all except by going in little circles, and there's no room for that here. There's just no telling what might happen. You know, we could smash other boats or knock the dock down. We could even sink."

"Oh, gee, well that's O.K.," the cameraman said, without breaking stride. "I shoot for the Channel 5 six o'clock news, too, and if there's any kind of disaster, I can just switch the footage from the commercial to the news."

"Oh, well, that's just fine," I replied, getting into the spirit of things. I was feeling like a public service. I helped guys out the releases we all had to sign while the cameraman went for his equipment and his sound man. Pat was getting very fidgety. He had the engine started and his course out of the marina plotted; this was like a moon-rocket countdown that had been stopped at "four."

When the cameraman came back, he was more like a director. Here we just wanted to get out of the place alive and undamaged and then guy had all but put putties on, and was shouting orders like it was *The Boat of the Red Wind*. First, he got us to push our hats back, so that happy faces showed. Then he located our wives in various photographable but nonfunctional places on the boat, and had them take those poses that reminded me of the way girls in sailor outfits pose for playing cards—the ones with snappy nautical expressions written underneath like "Full Speed Ahead" or "Oh Boats" or "Shipshape," things like that. The guy had George and Carol in such provocative poses that they were not worth a tinker's damn in getting the boat off. It is extremely hard to work fenders with one hand behind your head and the other on a tilted hip.

Finally, under more orders, we turned around and waved back fondly toward the hank commercial cameraman as Pat took us out of the harbor magnificently. We didn't have any real crises, as a matter of fact, until nap past Jupiter when I almost ran into the drawbridge. On the other hand, our luck matched our skill. By the time we reached Stuart and the open water there were whitecaps and a grim black sky. It began pouring rain, thunder and lightning as we headed down the St. Lucie River. This was when we found out there didn't seem to be any windshield wipers, which helps explain

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Here are 8 ways we've eliminated or decreased the need for service on all 1973 Chrysler Corporation cars built in this country.

Progress report...

1. **No points or condenser to replace.** Chrysler Corporation's Electronic Ignition eliminates the distributor points and condenser — the major cause of ignition tune-ups. One major competitor recommends points be replaced every 12,000 miles (or 12 months).
2. **No distributor timing adjustments.** Chrysler's Electronic Ignition eliminates periodic timing adjustments due to wear and replacement of the points. With Chrysler's Electronic Ignition there are no points to wear or replace. Most major competitors recommend timing adjustments every 12,000 miles (or 12 months). Chrysler recommends only a timing check at these intervals.
3. **Fewer spark plug replacements.** Chrysler recommends spark plug replacement every 18,000 miles under normal driving conditions and using leaded gasoline. One major competitive manufacturer recommends spark plug replacement every 6,000 miles under the same conditions. The other, every 12,000 miles.
4. **Virtually no voltage regulator replacement.** Chrysler Corporation's solid-state voltage regulator, with no moving parts, is standard equipment on all its cars built in this country. It helps give you longer battery life and it has reduced customer-paid replacement of voltage regulators by more than 90%.
5. **Fewer fuel system filter replacements.** Two major competitors require a fuel filter replacement at 12,000 miles (or 12 months), while Chrysler's larger capacity design requires a replacement at 24,000 miles (or 24 months).
6. **No normal transmission service.** Under normal driving conditions, Chrysler's TorqueFlite automatic transmission does not require a fluid or filter change, or a band adjustment. One of the major competitors recommends fluid and filter replacement at 24,000 miles. Another competitor recommends a band adjustment at the first 12,000 miles (or 12 months).
7. **Fewer front-end lubes.** Chrysler's front suspension requires lubrication at 30,000 miles (or 36 months). One major competitor recommends a front suspension lubrication every 6,000 miles (or 4 months).
8. **Fewer air cleaner replacements.** Millions of test miles prove that Chrysler's air cleaner filter element can last 24,000 miles between changes under normal driving conditions. One of the major competitors recommends a filter change every 12,000 miles.

See how extra care in engineering makes a difference by reducing maintenance requirements in Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth cars.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION
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why I almost managed to run a whole Spanish Armada of fishing boats right up onto the bank as we rounded a bend in the river.

Pat took over to steer the boat into the lock and since they were no longer being photographed, the girls returned to their accustomed level of competence with fenders and lines. The sun even came out a few miles past the lock and in salute the girls mixed gins and tonics and came up and sat in the seats directly behind Pat and me and rubbed the backs of our necks. "My man," Carol said, "Now I feel just like those baby dolls who ride behind their guys on the backs of the motorcycles."

The next morning I called up the Hiawatha public-relations people and told them we really needed another captain. This day we were supposed, among other obstacles, to negotiate Lake Okeechobee, to cross the second largest freshwater lake in the U.S., without binoculars, just using a compass, dead reckoning and dumb luck. Assuming we had

enough of the latter, we then had to make it through five locks and a tricky channel about three feet wide. There also were predictions of electrical storms, which were justified. The winds and lightning had killed one man and damaged much of the area we were supposed to trip blithely through. Hiawatha said we could do it. I expressed the view, after Groucho Marx, that I no longer wanted to ride on any boat that permitted me to drive it.

And then help came: for the final day's travel Hiawatha presented us with a gentleman named Frenchie as our captain. Frenchie was the jack-of-all-trades for Hiawatha Hills. He was born in Scollay Square in Boston and still carried that accent, but he has smoked his cigars all over. He worked for the phone company once, for example, in Mexico, where he learned to make delicious tacos, and for a time he ran a pizza shop in Wisconsin.

On the final leg of the trip, up a chain of lakes toward Orlando, Frenchie took

us fishing. I once asked an old country boy named Abe Lemons, who coaches basketball at Oklahoma City University, if he ever fished. "Nope," Abe said. "Can't stand myself enough." And that is pretty much how I feel about the exercise. On this occasion, though, with the good company of Frenchie, fishing seemed like a good idea. And at this point, I think I should say something about the ones that got away. The one that didn't, I caught. It was a bass, the size of a run-of-the-mill jelly bean.

So instead of fish we ate Frenchie's Scollay Square tacos. The sun beat down mercilessly on the *Sleepless II*, but on the horizon there were dark storm clouds gathering for a blitz, and in the other direction, not far away, there was a motel awaiting us, with air conditioning, bathrooms and Magic Fingers "Is everybody ready to go?" the captain asked after we had polished off the last of his tacos.

"Frenchie, put it in the corner," I said.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 30-Feb. 5

BOWLING—BOBBY KNIPPLE of Long Beach, Cal., hit five 300s in a 500-400 victory in the \$4,000 first prize in the \$50,000 King Louis Open at Overland Park, Kans.

GOLF—JOHN SCHLIEF carded a final-round 68 to win the \$200,000 Hawaiian Open with a 72-hole total 272, 19 under par.

HOCKEY—NHL: The New York Rangers must be hurt—they failed to win at Boston, something they had not done in a regular-season game since Oct. 30, 1971 (page 22). The Bruins lost to the Rangers 3-1 and two days later they also lost their coach, Tom Johnson, who was replaced by Armand (Duke) Gaudin. Montreal, the leader in the East by four points, pounded Los Angeles 7-1 as Chuck Lefley and Murray Warmack scored twice. The Canadiens were not out to the Kings in their last 13 meetings, while Los Angeles is winless in its last eight. First-place Chicago gained time in the West Division race as Dan Malachuk netted a 26-minute makeup game for the Penguins for a 2-2 tie against second-place Philadelphia. The Flyers maintained eighth place behind the Black Hawks.

WHA—Joe Harrison of Alberta set a league scoring record with 10 points in an 11-3 win over the New York Raiders. Harrison scored three goals and assisted six others, broke the previous mark of seven set in a single game by Dan Lawson of Philadelphia. Harrison pulled three points short of New England's Wayne in the West Division by bombing Minnesota 7-1. Keller Morrison netted the first two goals as the Ailers quickly built a 4-0 lead. The Eau Claire Division was in tight as ever with Cleveland one point ahead of New England.

NOTES SPORTS—Leading for the 100 hours, PETER GOLLEGG and HILLEY HAYWOOD combined 2,553 miles at 108.74 mph in the 100-hour Daytona International endurance race at Daytona International Speedway (page 33).

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: If progress streaks are an indication, the possibilities remain that New York may not lose a game due to the season at Madison Square Garden and that Philadelphia may not win anywhere—anytime. The Knicks extended their homecourt string to 29 games with a 99-90 victory over Cleveland, and the Nets had their current losing streak rise to 16, dropping a pair of weekend games to the Celtics, 104-100 and 123-113. In the Atlantic Division the league's winless race, Boston maintained its one-game edge over the Knicks. Atlanta continued to dog five-place Baltimore in the Central Division as Lou Hudson's game-high 32 points, including eight of the Hawks' last 10, were instrumental in a 109-101 win against Balt.

(also Milwaukee and Los Angeles retained their respective leads in the Western Conference).

ABA—In one of the season's best matchups, a defensive player, Carolina's Joe Caldwell, finally defeated Julius Erving, the league's top scorer. Caldwell held Erving to just three shots in the first half and only 17 in the game as the Cougars took a 111-87 demolition over Virginia. Erving's shot is marginal—only scored and eight points in the first three quarters and finished with a subpar 20. Caldwell had 26 first-half points. Carolina remained hot, winning its 14th straight at home at the expense of Denver, 113-109. James Silas of Dallas, one of the ABA's top rookies, hit three crucial free throws in the last minutes in a 82-81 triumph over Utah, the West leader. Silas scored 10 points.

PRO FOOTBALL—Defense Tackle JOHN MATULAK of Tampa, picked by the Houston Oilers, was the first of 402 volunteers selected as the NFL draft. The only non-Americans among the top 10 choices were Quarterback BRITTON OF LSU, picked second by Baltimore, and Running Back GUY ARMSTRONG of Purdue, drafted sixth by Denver. One of the biggest names was not in the list, as reported, among them Johnny Rodgers of Nebraska (No. 25, in San Diego), Gary Pinkney of Oklahoma City, by Cleveland, and HURNBARD RUSSELL of Chicago, with Chicago of Nebraska 499, by the Giants and John Holmberg of Penn State (418, by Detroit).

SWISS—Defending champion GUSTAV THONI offitly seeking an unprecedented third consecutive World Cup title, moved into second place in the slaloms, with a victory in the Kangaroo slalom at St. Anton, Austria. Thoni had 126 points, one fewer than Roland Collombin of Switzerland, who suffered multiple injuries and is not expected to compete for a month. Second place, HURNBARD RUSSELL, broke the Afton-Kanabake downhill record scored with a 2:25.56 performance.

BOB GRAY was the men's 50-km. race and TIM CALDWELL took the 15-km. event in the Nordic National Cross-Country championships at Minneapolis. JOE McNULTY was awarded first place in the 50-km. when Emily Thoma took the bronze, was disqualified for tripping and in mid-race MARTHA ROCKWELL won both 5- and 10-km. women's races.

SPIDER SACHS won the McDonald Cup slalom at the St. Paul Winter Carnival in Minnesota to return first place with 162 points in the Brown & Blodgett Grand Prix standings.

YAMNIS—In all-American field, ROD LAYNE defeated Ray Emerson 6-4, 6-3 to win the Embassy

WCT tournament at Richmond, Va., and MIKE GARET COLLEY beat Kerry Mitchell 6-1, 6-2 in the Virginia Slims Invitational at Bethesda, Md.

TRACK & FIELD—While STEVE SMITH (page 34) attempted to top himself in the pole vault, records were set off and in indoor meets. JES DAVIS of Tennessee State broke the women's world record with a 13-foot-2-inch leap in the 10-foot vault at Texas and GLENNA RUSSELL of Canada also set a world record of 27.94 in the 1,000. In Cleveland, ROD MILLBURN led the 50- and high hurdles world record with a 3.8 finishing.

RELIGIOUS—APPROVED: By the National Hockey League's Board of Governors, franchises in KANSAS CITY and WASHINGTON to begin re-signing in 1974-75.

ELECTED—To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, ex-Detroit Lions' Joe Schmidt and two-time NFL coach, Earl Raymond Berry and linebacker JIM PARKER.

FIRLED—PHIL GOYETTE, an head coach of the New York Islanders, who won six of their first 50 hockey games. Chief Western Scout Earl Ingvaldsen fired Goette.

NAMED—As successor to Chuck Fairbanks as head football coach at Oklahoma, HARRY SWITZLER, a top assistant for three seasons.

NAMED—As head football coach of the New York Jets, contracting with the team's first 50 players, winner, who will be father-in-law Webb E. Smith's assistant will then.

RESIGNED—RICK EDWARDS, head football coach at Navy to become an assistant at the University of Miami. JERRY WAMPELER, head football coach at Colorado State, claiming a lack of "total commitment on the part of the school administration," and JOHN BATTMAN, head football coach at Rutgers for 13 seasons. Rutgers Athletic Director Albert W. Tischback was fired as the school realigned its sports programs.

RETIRED—Well-known boxer MARCEL Cerdan, 28, of France, who had a 57-2 record.

DIED—STEVE E. WITKOWSKI, 45, U.S. Olympic team member in 1956 and 1960, of cancer, at Madison, Conn.

DIED—EDWARD (Dutch) STERNAMAN, 77, who with George Harris co-founded the Chicago Bears, in Chicago.

CHORES

3. Roger W. Taylor, 16-18; 19-21; 22-24; 25-28; 29-32; 33-36; 37-40; 41-44; 45-48; 49-52; 53-56; 57-60; 61-64; 65-68; 69-72; 73-76; 77-80; 81-84; 85-88; 89-92; 93-96; 97-100; 101-104; 105-108; 109-112; 113-116; 117-120; 121-124; 125-128; 129-132; 133-136; 137-140; 141-144; 145-148; 149-152; 153-156; 157-160; 161-164; 165-168; 169-172; 173-176; 177-180; 181-184; 185-188; 189-192; 193-196; 197-200; 201-204; 205-208; 209-212; 213-216; 217-220; 221-224; 225-228; 229-232; 233-236; 237-240; 241-244; 245-248; 249-252; 253-256; 257-260; 261-264; 265-268; 269-272; 273-276; 277-280; 281-284; 285-288; 289-292; 293-296; 297-300; 301-304; 305-308; 309-312; 313-316; 317-320; 321-324; 325-328; 329-332; 333-336; 337-340; 341-344; 345-348; 349-352; 353-356; 357-360; 361-364; 365-368; 369-372; 373-376; 377-380; 381-384; 385-388; 389-392; 393-396; 397-400; 401-404; 405-408; 409-412; 413-416; 417-420; 421-424; 425-428; 429-432; 433-436; 437-440; 441-444; 445-448; 449-452; 453-456; 457-460; 461-464; 465-468; 469-472; 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921-924; 925-928; 929-932; 933-936; 937-940; 941-944; 945-948; 949-952; 953-956; 957-960; 961-964; 965-968; 969-972; 973-976; 977-980; 981-984; 985-988; 989-992; 993-996; 997-1000; 1001-1004; 1005-1008; 1009-1012; 1013-1016; 1017-1020; 1021-1024; 1025-1028; 1029-1032; 1033-1036; 1037-1040; 1041-1044; 1045-1048; 1049-1052; 1053-1056; 1057-1060; 1061-1064; 1065-1068; 1069-1072; 1073-1076; 1077-1080; 1081-1084; 1085-1088; 1089-1092; 1093-1096; 1097-1100; 1101-1104; 1105-1108; 1109-1112; 1113-1116; 1117-1120; 1121-1124; 1125-1128; 1129-1132; 1133-1136; 1137-1140; 1141-1144; 1145-1148; 1149-1152; 1153-1156; 1157-1160; 1161-1164; 1165-1168; 1169-1172; 1173-1176; 1177-1180; 1181-1184; 1185-1188; 1189-1192; 1193-1196; 1197-1200; 1201-1204; 1205-1208; 1209-1212; 1213-1216; 1217-1220; 1221-1224; 1225-1228; 1229-1232; 1233-1236; 1237-1240; 1241-1244; 1245-1248; 1249-1252; 1253-1256; 1257-1260; 1261-1264; 1265-1268; 1269-1272; 1273-1276; 1277-1280; 1281-1284; 1285-1288; 1289-1292; 1293-1296; 1297-1300; 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OFFSHORE REACTIONS

Sirs:

Thanks for the gross issue of SI (Jan. 29). You are to be congratulated on your keen sense of social purpose. What the country really needs right now is a lot of encouragement in its big pleasure lack, and your beachwear spread (*A Little Leewards*...) hit all the right notes of gaudiness, impressive expense and titillating (but still barely respectable) sexuality.

JOHN HALEN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I think that it is positively disgusting! What sport does these illustrations promote? It seems that in today's vocabulary "masculinity" is often confused with "sexuality," while restraint, modesty and decency have completely disappeared. I sincerely hope that all mothers will join me in speaking out against immorality on TV programs and in periodicals.

Mrs. F. B. HUNT

Manchester, N.H.

Sirs:

Normally I enjoy *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but I found your Jan. 29 issue offensive. Your cover picture and the so-called fashion pictures inside are a stereotypical portrayal of "woman as sexy broad."

The portrayal of sensuality per se is not offensive as it is an important part of the personality of each person. What is offensive is that only this aspect of women is shown, while their legitimate role in sports is ignored. Meanwhile, men's role in sports is well reported while their sensuality, interestingly enough, never is mentioned.

SUZANNE KATCHENGLA

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

How can you put such a picture on the cover of your magazine and call it *SPORTS*?



ILLUSTRATED? Shame on you. Don't just sit there, nag the guilty ones and apologize to your subscribers for your bad taste.

FR. PHILODORUS LEMAY, M.S.
Attleboro, Mass.

Sirs:

No doubt you have already begun to receive your annual quota of letters from irate wives, women libertarians and so-called pure sportsmen who can find myriad half-baked reasons why you should restrict your reporting to stories and pictures about baseball, football, basketball, hockey, etc. and leave the "provocative, chauvinistic" pictures to the men's magazines. Please be assured that there are still many of us who anxiously await the arrival of this particular issue and hope that this will continue to be the case for many years. Any charges of chauvinism can be easily refuted by a magazine that named Billie Jean King its Sportswoman of the Year. Julie Campbell and Walter loose Jr. are to be commended for their collaboration on the excellent article and superb pictures.

DANA RASHER,
WILLIAM BLAKE

Athens, Ga.

Sirs:

I wish to compliment you on the article. The fresh, wholesome girls were wonderful, especially Lohmy Oles.

PAUL SOMMER

Whitefish Bay, Wis.

Sirs:

I know someone will write and say George Foreman's picture should have been on the cover since he is the surprising new world heavyweight boxing champion, but isn't Doyle Haddon a knockout?

STEVE WILSON

Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

Perhaps the pose of Doyle Haddon on your cover was intentional, but it brings to mind that famous picture of a wet ape waist deep in water that appeared in *LWS* some time back. Certainly the posture and facial expressions are almost alike.

LANDELY U. MORANG

Miami

• See identical twins at left.—ED.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Sirs:

I enjoyed Edwin Sherke's article on George Foreman's decisive victory over Joe Frazier (*Meet the New Champ?* Jan. 29). Foreman finally got the chance to show how

great he is. He also showed that Joe Frazier either never recovered from the beating he received at the hands of Muhammad Ali or is simply past his prime. Whatever, Foreman is a tremendous boxer, and it will probably be a long time before we have a successor. Ali may disagree, but Foreman can defeat him as easily as he handled Joe.

I was glad to see heavyweight boxing get a new, young and exciting champion. Maybe now the sport will regain some of the glamour it had.

TOM CYNAR

Pittsburgh

ADVENTURE

Sirs:

Hats off to Beau Westover for his excellent article (*Walk as the Wild Side*, Jan. 29). His description of the 7-day hike through the beautiful, untouched wilderness of Wyoming and the hardships encountered almost made me feel I was there. We are lucky to have such parks as Yellowstone where people can still enjoy the natural beauty and adventure of the mountains.

GARY C. VANDERBILT
President

Overton High Rod and Gun Club
Nashville

Sirs:

Please tell Beau Westover to drop whatever he is doing for a living and immediately begin writing professionally. His trek was accomplished enough (bravo to his companion, also) but I felt his narrative of the journey was superlative. The descriptions of the landscape and of his agony and hardships were so vivid and real that I found myself reading passages aloud to my wife.

W. E. KEST III

Deerfield Beach, Fla.

CHRIS SCHENKEL

Sirs:

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your story on Chris Schenkel (*Virtue Is Its Own Reward*, Jan. 22). I have always enjoyed hearing that familiar voice announcing college football games—and I think it is wonderful that there is one person left who believes in treating people with dignity and kindness and not bringing up all the ugly things about today's sports stars that many announcers do just for shock value. I love Mr. Schenkel for trying to make heroes out of these all too human men.

I hope Chris Schenkel keeps announcing until he is 80. His story would inspire many young boys of today. You don't have to be mean and ruthless to get ahead.

DONALD BREMAN

Diamond Bar, Calif.

continued

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18TH HOLE

Sirs,

Thank you for Jack Olsen's article on Chris Schenkel. It was an interesting behind-the-scenes look at one of the more renowned sportscasters of the day. Unfortunately, he is also one of the worst.

ED DI CARO

Chula Vista, Calif

Sirs,

In every form of human competition there are those who possess an uncanny ability to "snatch defeat from the jaws of victory." Then there is Chris Schenkel, who possesses the uncanny ability to turn one of the most exciting forms of sport, college football, into a boring way to spend three hours. He doesn't need to take Secorol to fall asleep, all he needs to do is listen to a tape of himself.

Although Lindsey Nelson, Ray Scott and Jack Buck may not be in Schenkel's league (conceivably, he certainly isn't in the same league with them when it comes to ability as a play-by-play man, Chris gets \$250,000 per year! Tell us it ain't so, Krone Arledge.

ROBERT I. NEIDIGOW

Little Rock, Ark

Sirs,

In regard to Jack Olsen's excellent portrait of Chris Schenkel, I find it kind of astonishing that Mr. Schenkel is more concerned about the feelings of a player who commits a crucial rules infraction—and those of his family—than he is with the rest of his millions upon millions of listeners who would very much like to know who was responsible for clipping and nullifying the fourth-quarter touchdown that would have won the game.

While I appreciate Mr. Schenkel's desire to take a back seat to the images that appear on my television screen, I would appreciate it even more if he would give me the information that is vital to my understanding and enjoyment of the broadcast, information to which he has access and I don't. And that includes explaining what I have just seen and indicating who was guilty or who deserves credit.

Mistakes are an integral part of the world of sport, which Mr. Schenkel idolizes so much, and it perplexes and disgusts me that he would hold back the truth in his broadcasts and instead create the sugary fantasy world of Schenkelese. Give me Keith Jackson or Harry Carey any day.

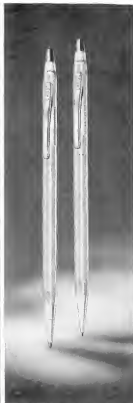
JIM BARBS

Philadelphia

Sirs,

As one who has had the pleasure of meeting Chris Schenkel, I say the article by Jack Olsen was dynamic. Chris is probably the only man alive who can make a bowling

continued



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19TH HOLE (continued)

match sound like the last two minutes of a tied Super Bowl game. Thank goodness for Chris!

PALLA SPERBER

Miami

Sirs:

It certainly is reassuring to see that genuine people can still receive the recognition they deserve. While doing free-lance production work at a number of major sporting events, I have had an opportunity to work with many famous announcers. Although sweetness flows from their fast-talking lips on the air, most have trouble extending common courtesies to Everyman after departing from the microphone. Chris Schenkel is a rare exception. In these days of superstar announcers, it gives me great pleasure to see positive recognition given to one of the world's finest human beings. Thanks, SI, and hurray for Chris!

STEPHEN M. KIRSCHNER

DeFran, N.J.

SUPER DOLPHINS

Sirs:

In regard to your story on the fantastic Miami Dolphins (17-0-0, Jan. 22) I feel that it was superbly written by Tex Maule. I am happy, as is all Miami, to see that he stressed the greatness of the No. 1 defense in the NFL and the superb play of Munny Friedman, especially since the Pro Bowl missed him. The performance of Bob Griese wasn't given enough credit, but you will have time to do that when the Dolphins are 34-0-0.

BLISS SKENICA

Miami

Sirs:

I certainly enjoyed Tex Maule's article. I am still not convinced that the Miami Dolphins are as good as their 17-0-0 record indicates, but they are the champs, so congratulations to the Dolphins, who have helped me to reinforce my New Year's resolution, no more betting. As for Trader George and his Over-the-Hill Gang, they will return.

DENNIS K. GIBSON

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

The article about the Dolphins winning the Super Bowl is the best I have read by Tex Maule. How about that? Tex finally broke down and praised the Dolphins! I also wish to thank the photographers who took those fantastic pictures.

ZANE HOLLENBERGER

Miami

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